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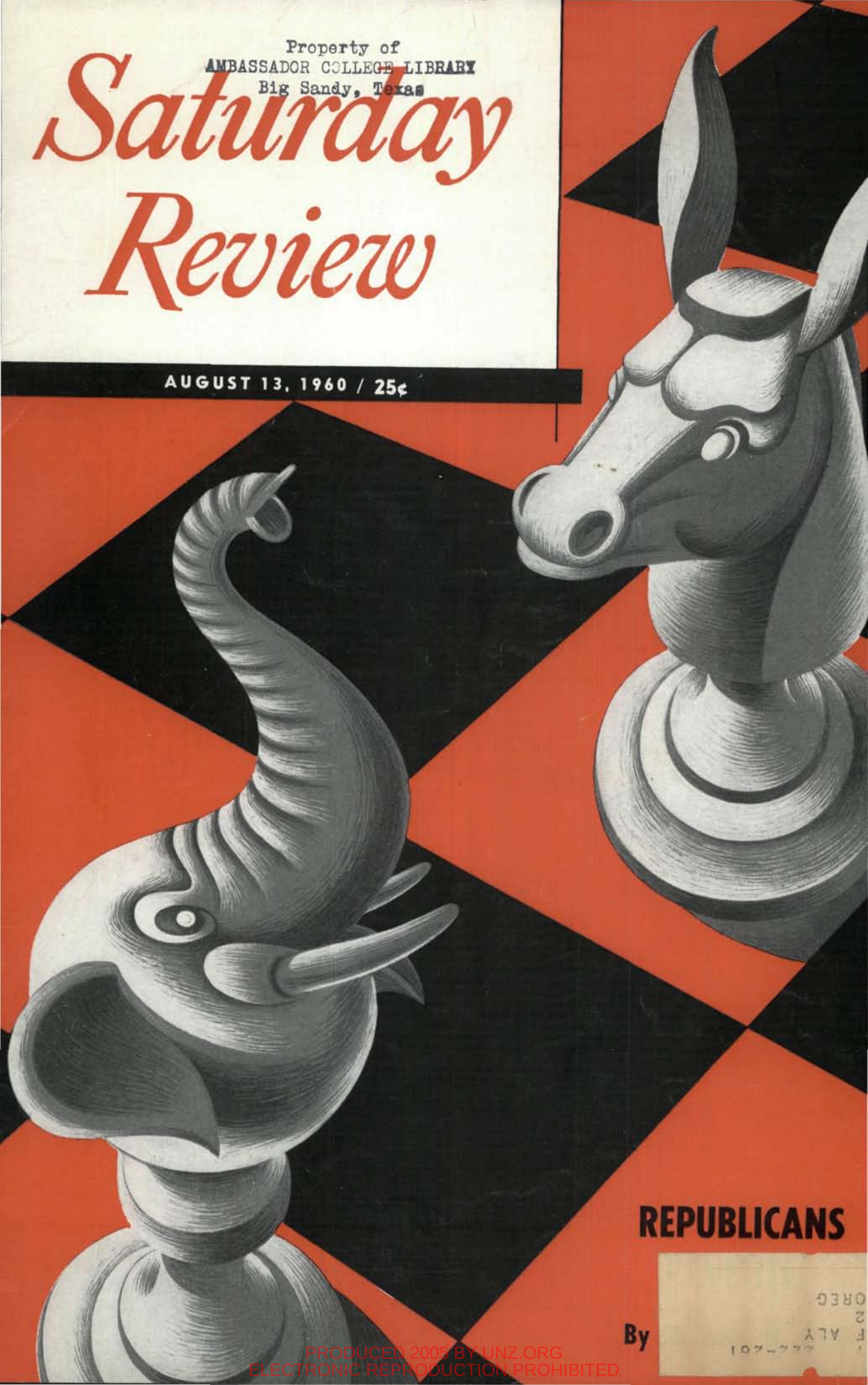
Saturday Review

AUGUST 13, 1960 / 25¢



REPUBLICANS

By

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BY THE 2ND TORII, KASUGA SHRINE, NARA—DRESS BY PAT PREMO

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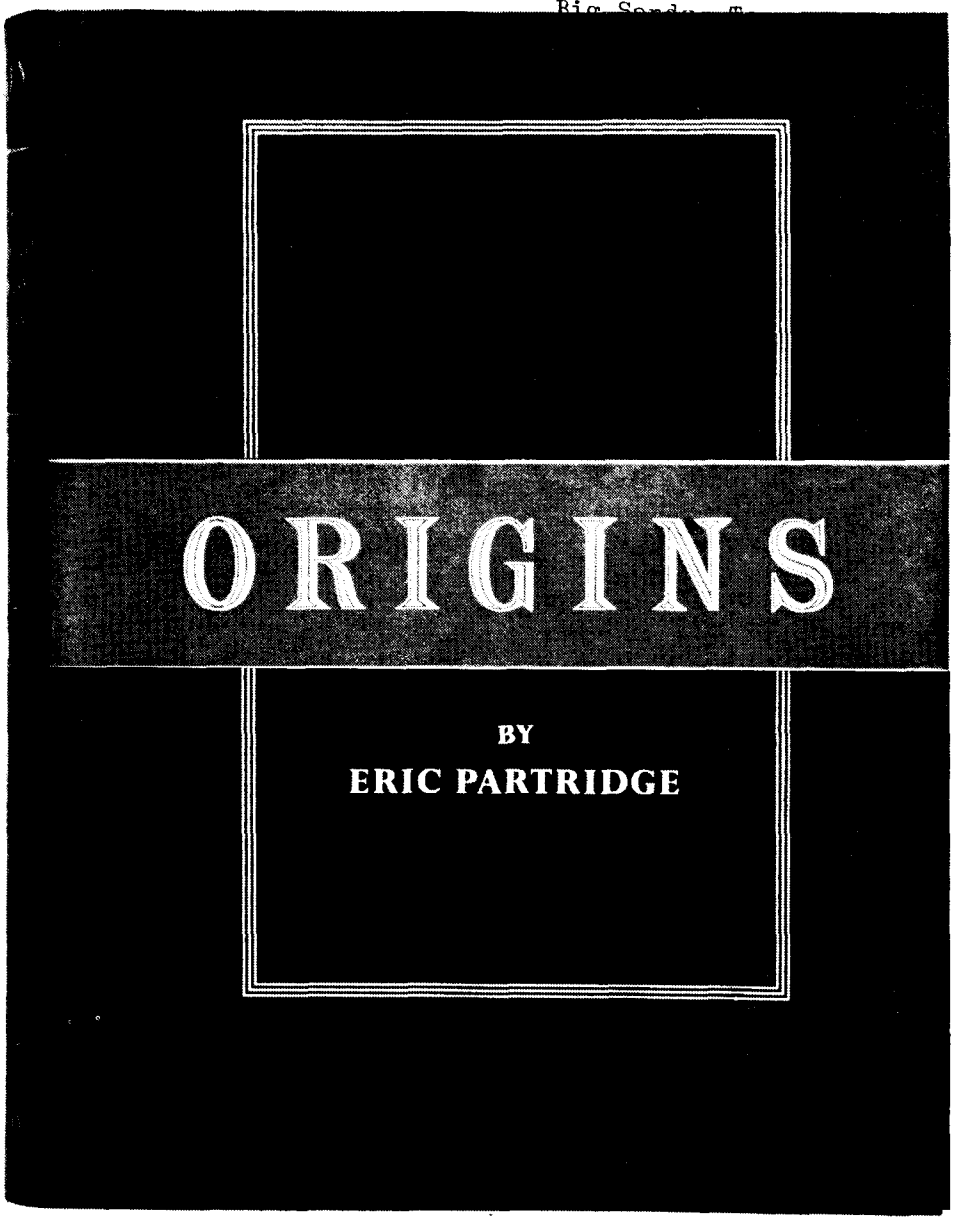

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ORIGINS *by Eric Partridge*

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Saturday Review

AUGUST 13, 1960

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SR/IDEAS

5 Perspective/1960, by Theodore H. White

11 Brewing Instant Fiction, by Albert Van Nostrand

14 John P. Marquand: The Man and the Writer, articles by John Mason Brown and Maxwell Geismar

20 The Reader Gets His Innings: An Editorial

SR/BOOKS

16 *Literary Horizons*: Granville Hicks discusses the literature of the middlebrow.

17 The Question of Government Spending, by Francis M. Bator

18 The Liberal Hour, by John Kenneth Galbraith

19 Some Other Time, by Hollis Alpert

19 Walk Egypt, by Vinnie Williams

30 Berenson: A Biography, by Sylvia Sprigge; The Passionate Sightseer, by Bernard Berenson

31 The Road I Came, by Paul Jordan-Smith

32 Out of the Burning, by Ira Henry Freeman

33 Dynasty: the Longs of Louisiana, by Thomas Martin

33 To the Golden Door, by George Potter

35 Reinhold Niebuhr on Politics, edited by R. H. Davis and R. C. Good

36 Enjoy, Enjoy! by Harry Golden

37 Be Not Angry, by William Michelfelder

SR/DEPARTMENTS

8 Trade Winds

21 Letters to the Editor

24 *SR* Goes to the Movies

25 TV and Radio

26 Music to My Ears

27 Booked for Travel

37 Literary Crypt

39 Literary I.Q.

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Perspective/1960

By Theodore H. White

REPUBLICANS REVISITED

CHICAGO.

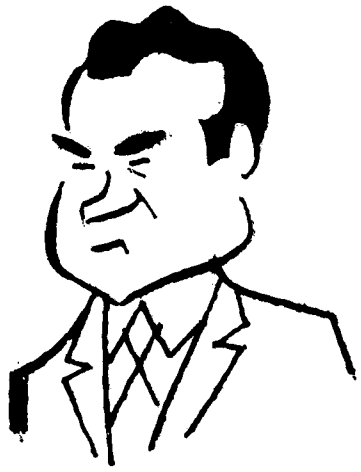
AN ACCIDENT of politics caused the Republican convention to follow the Democratic convention in the calendar of the Presidential season; and from this accident, here in Chicago, the Republicans suffered. They suffered because what was at issue at the Republican convention was ideas, not personalities; and because the 2,000-odd newsgatherers—of radio, TV, press, and agency—who must mirror a convention to itself and the nation brought with them from the excitement of Los Angeles a fatigue of nerve, perception, and energy too heavy to meet the subtleties of the Chicago proceedings.

Outwardly, of course, the carnival trappings of the two conventions were almost the same, mocking with their vulgarity the gravity of what must happen at a Presidential convention. The surface differences were trivial: The Republican bands were larger, brassier, and more numerous than the Democratic music-makers. The dresses of the girls in Los Angeles, fluttering in the summer wind, seemed, in memory, prettier; but the Republican convention was adorned with several beauties in breath-taking tights with more immediate impact. Chicago was breezier and cooler than Los Angeles on its good days, hotter and muggier on its bad days. But the caucuses, receptions, statements, and press conferences of both conventions were the same—and by providing the same kind of news they obscured the strange differences between the two parties that govern America.

One can always draw a reasonably satisfying wiring diagram of the Democratic Party, from center of power to center of power, from the big-city bosses of the East to the citizen groups of the West to the Bourbon oligarchy of the South. No such wiring diagram is possible for the Republican Party; its structure and physiology are entirely different from those of the Democrats. And it is this difference in physiology and structure that makes it so difficult, even now, to assess the obscure clash of wills and ideas that has just closed here in Chicago.

It is best, perhaps, to see the Chicago convention as one more chapter in the centuries-old civil war that has split the Republican Party from birth.

For almost half a century—from the days of Abraham Lincoln and Thurlow Weed to those of Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft—this civil war went on openly and visibly between reformers and stalwarts, between idea men and organization men, in convention and in party caucus. But from 1912 on, with the public breach of the Roosevelt and Taft wings of the party, a permanent distortion has come



about. One half of the drive and tradition of the party is always starkly visible in a conservative, nationalistic, cement-bound organization that controls its machinery of operation, while the other half of the party's drive and tradition persists amorphously, completely outside the machinery, in a system of ideas, idea-makers, and reformers of liberal tradition who make themselves felt only at quadrennial intervals.

Over and over again in the past twenty years, since Wendell Willkie's triumph in 1940, the regulars who make up the party's bony structure have assembled in convention ready to nominate a president in the tradition of William Howard Taft, and have then been overwhelmed by a mysterious swoop from the outside. This, of course, has only confirmed the regulars' conspiratorial theory of American history once so ably expressed by Joe McCarthy of Wisconsin. And this is what baffled and confused the regulars in the convention just ended, when they saw a man they believed their own turn against them. For never has the external swoop of the liberals on the convention seemed so nakedly conspiratorial as in the Compact of Sixty-second Street when, on Saturday morning, it was announced that Richard Nixon and Nelson Rockefeller had met on the fourteenth floor of a triplex apartment overlooking Central Park in Babylon-by-the-Hudson and there settled the course of the convention 800 miles from the convention proceedings themselves.

IT is worth pausing to examine the Rockefeller operation for a moment. The Rockefeller operation rested on the belief that the ideas that Nelson Rockefeller so eloquently voiced in the spring months of 1960 could, of themselves, create a situation where he might be chosen President. Its strength lay in the personality of Nelson Rockefeller himself and in the enormous and imaginative work of his brain trust, led by the brooding and brilliant Emmet Hughes. Its weakness lay in its apparent ignorance of the grubby details of politics, its inability to cultivate delegates, organize delegates, or deliver, in mechanical terms, the enormous political potential that existed in Rockefeller down to the weekend that preceded the convention opening. The sole and superlative pragmatist in the Rockefeller camp—Lieutenant Governor Malcolm Wilson of New York—had been immobilized for months by personal reasons. Rockefeller's other pragmatists were, by far, more amateurish than the men who mounted the Stevenson drive in Los Angeles a few days earlier.

Since the Rockefeller candidacy thus lay solely in the strength of its ideas, it could be wiped out by anyone who expropriated those ideas and abolished the distance that Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Hughes were trying to keep between themselves and the party regulars. This, of course, is what happened when Mr. Nixon met with Mr. Rockefeller and accepted his ideas. There was, thereafter, no longer any possibility of an open dispute between the two, nor a possibility of type-casting the one and the other in the leading roles of the traditional Republican feud, as the Rockefeller camp had hoped. Had Mr. Nixon really remained the conservative he was in 1952, or had Mr. Rockefeller's managers been shrewder in practical politics, the convention might have burst into open war. When it was all over, one of Mr. Nixon's young and able Californians—who resemble so much in age and style Mr. Kennedy's young men from Massachusetts—murmured, "What a beautiful political property that Rockefeller is—if only

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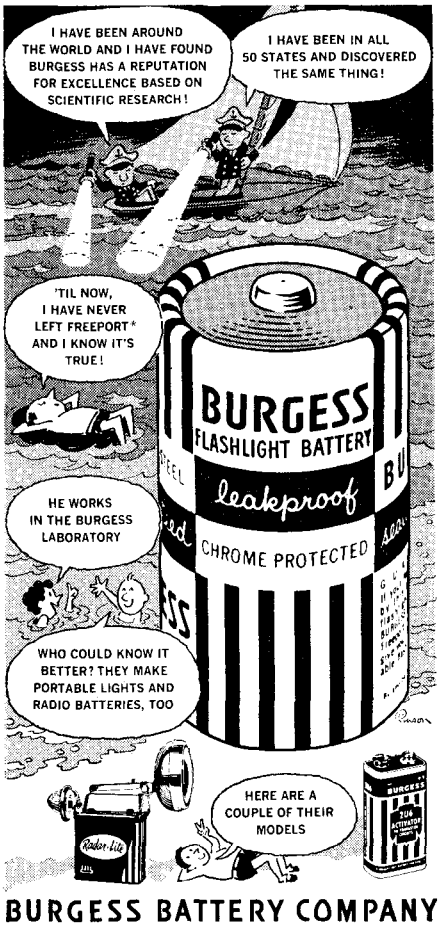
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he'd had somebody to manage him."

The dismay of the Rockefeller inner circle when its members realized on the Saturday before convention that their candidacy had evaporated was equaled only by the dismay of the regular Republicans when they examined the full text of the compact and the full range of liberal thinking that Messrs. Nixon and Rockefeller had sealed in New York on Friday night. And the dismay broke most sharply in the platform committee.

The Republican platform committee had been chosen haphazardly, which is to say traditionally, by the machinery of the party which belonged to the fossilized regulars. Its 103 members had been in full session for a week before the convention opened, hearing witnesses, discussing and polishing the platform which had been drafted long in advance, fondly imagining that their proceedings were of real weight and real influence. (Why they should so have imagined is probably a matter of self-delusion—the critical subcommittee on national defense had heard only four witnesses, two strangelings and two fortress-America advocates, before going into executive session.) When these grass-roots conservatives discovered that one midnight session in New York was to reshape the platform beyond all their powers of protest, they felt not only personally affronted in pride and exposed as buffoons but also betrayed by Mr. Nixon, whom they had seen for so long as their own flesh and blood.

The problem that faced Mr. Nixon on his arrival at the opening Monday of the convention was, therefore, simply to prevent the party from tearing itself apart in open civil war. And though his success in this effort gave the convention its murky and often dreary appearance, it concealed a private political performance of absolute mastery.

The outer Mr. Nixon, followed everywhere by the mobile jungle of television wires, cables, cameras, and microphones, was the boyish, affable Mr. Nixon whom the public saw. This was the Richard Nixon who managed to shake hands and have his picture taken with some 2,200 of the 2,400 delegates and alternates to the convention. This was the Mr. Nixon who unnerved both his staff and the Secret Service by plowing through the always dangerous mobs of well-wishers to shake hands, say hello, and be friendly. This was the Mr. Nixon who, entering the convention hall on Thursday to make his speech of acceptance, could explain to the little cluster of microphones how he had prepared himself for this climactic speech not only by studying the great acceptance speeches of the past but also by spending a full week reading books "on history, philosophy, and literature."

Then there was the other Mr. Nixon, the operational Mr. Nixon, whom the public could never see. Each move he made, in haste and under strain, was right—in timing, in degree of pressure, in the intricate meshing of convention tactic and electoral strategy. There was never any doubt, from the weekend on, that Mr. Nixon had the nomination; the only doubt rested on whether he would have it on terms that offered him a chance to win the election that followed, and, if elected, an even chance against Mr. Khrushchev in the years thereafter.

Mr. Nixon faced, first, the problem of quelling the rebellion in the platform committee. This was a tactical-strategic problem of separating and subduing the two halves of the revolting coalition—

the Southern hostiles and the Midwestern conservatives. Here, Mr. Nixon chose as his battleground the issue of civil rights, and in a thirty-six-hour period from Monday evening to Wednesday morning he succeeded in breaking the back of the opposition by dividing it. This was backroom work, hard work, and it required, as one of his lieutenants said, "the collecting of every political IOU we held over the past eight years." Once that was done, Mr. Nixon had established the strategic base for his election campaign, a campaign which his lieutenants hinge on his ability to carry the great industrial states of the Northeast where the Negro vote is so critical.

A lesser man might have been content to rest there. But Mr. Nixon, in full knowledge of the bruising the older Republicans had taken, went on. He went on not only to enforce his previous choice of Vice President, internationalist Henry Cabot Lodge, but also to pivot his acceptance speech on what is certainly the most unpopular issue in general American politics—the continuance and re-invigoration of American aid to the outside world as the major instrument of American foreign policy. When he had finished, Mr. Nixon had separated himself by several light-years

(*Continued on page* 40)

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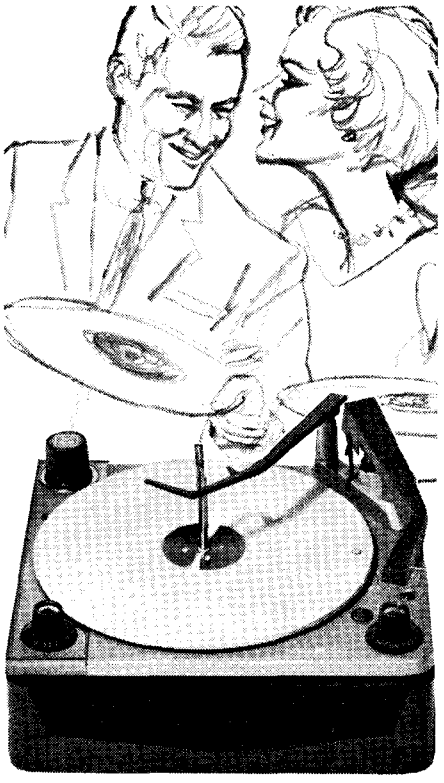

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TRADE Winds

IT WILL BE RECALLED that recently some race-conscious New Yorkers moved to have "Huckleberry Finn" removed from reading lists and shelves because one of the characters in the book (an admirable fellow, too) is called "Nigger Jim."

I guess this is just another chapter in the same old story. They have been trying to clean up this author and his

works for many years. When "Huckleberry Finn" was published serially in *The Century*, the magazine's editor, Richard Watson Gilder, insisted on cutting out the dirty words and expressions, such as:

"I was in a sweat," and "Dern your skin!" and "We was always naked."

William Dean Howells found that Mark Twain had also gone too far in "Tom Sawyer." It was in the amusing description of the dog that had sat down on a pinch bug, and who sailed up and down the aisle "with his tail shut down like a hasp." Mr. Howells felt that this was "awfully good but a little too dirty."

As a matter of fact, we owe the aforementioned Mr. Gilder thanks for having saved *Century* readers from a particularly shocking passage in Stephen Crane's novel "George's Mother." The line that was deleted read: "He had known women of the city's painted legions."

CENSORSHIP is such an abhorrent and illogical thing that it is often possible to ridicule it by merely letting it sit there with its bare face hanging out. Howells and Gilder were honest men, and perhaps they reflected the thinking of most of their contemporaries. But somehow, half a century later, they look funny.

A dramatic demonstration of the blindness of the censor was given a few months ago when the librarians at Muhlenberg College set up a display of books that had, at one time or another, been officially banned from public view. They included "Tom Sawyer," "The Decameron," "Arabian Nights," "Rights of Man," "Gulliver's Travels," "Leaves of Grass," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," "All Quiet on the Western Front," and "The Grapes of Wrath."

And, I suppose, the futility of censorship couldn't be better illustrated than by the constant attempts over the last ten years to keep young people from reading "The Catcher in the Rye," by J. D. Salinger. This book almost always appears on the lists of proscribed books when libraries or school boards make up recommended reading lists.

Of course, this story of a schoolboy's personal rebellion is so real to a teenager that they've been eating it up, just as we old-timers found it touching and delightful. Banning it from reading lists and then arguing over it has helped immeasurably to keep it going as one of the best-selling novels of the postwar years.

ALL THIS permits me to bring up an interesting interview with Hal Holbrook, who told in his "Mark Twain Tonight!" (Ives Washburn) about how he developed the one-man show in which he charms audiences all over the country with the everlasting humor of that man.

Holbrook had just finished playing the lead role in a Coronet Instructional Film on the great author and was taking off the Mark Twain make-up. (It took him half an hour; it had taken

about six hours to put on.) Commenting on the reaction to Twain, he recalled:

"In the traveling show I do a couple of numbers from 'Huckleberry Finn' in which the idea of brotherhood between the races is very strongly stated. I do a lynching scene, a famous scene where Colonel Sherburn faces the lynch mob and proves them to be cowards. He just takes a shotgun and shoos them away. I had always been astounded at the reaction I get to this number in the South.

"The Southern audiences seem to get more humor out of the early part of the number, where there really is humor. They recognize the characters and laugh and enjoy them. But when it gets down to the serious part they quiet right down and you can hear a pin drop. When it's over, there's a fine reaction and applause.

"Whereas in the North, the audiences apparently see the message coming right in the beginning; they get all set for it and get very serious through the entire scene. And when the message

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comes they are very impressed by it, and they applaud, too. The Southern reaction, I think, is more honest."

THERE'S A DAMNING STUDY of the White House and the Executive branch by Blair Bolles called "Men of Good Intentions" (Doubleday). Gosh, I don't see how there is room in Washington for all the assistants and special assistants and commissions and other jobs and autonomies that have been created by the Executive department over the years. While the employees of the federal government have increased 2.3 times since 1940, employees of the White House and the Executive Office have grown fourfold.

One part of it I do understand. While there were five upstairs maids in 1938, there were eight in 1959. That's because the dust is much thicker than it used to be. There were five gardeners in 1938 and twelve in 1959, though the grounds remained the same size. That's because of the crab grass.

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: David McKay will publish in the fall a book titled "Teach Yourself Welsh." There has been but one request for a review copy; it came from Ernie Kovacs.

► In a Los Angeles traffic court, Jon Cornin heard a lawyer ask his witness, "And then you came to a full rolling stop, is that correct?" The witness said yes.

► In the annual essay contest in the rural school in Holtwood, Pennsylvania, the theme was: "Why I Want a Good Education." One little girl, reports John Kenderdine, wrote: "I want a good education because I want to be a resisted nurse."

► According to Professor Henry T. Malone, a cannibal guest arrived late at a dinner party. The host looked at him and said, "Sorry, everybody's eaten."

► Harold Wheeler of Jamaica, West Indies, queries me: "Has no one come into a bookstore and asked for 'The Constant Davenport,' by Marcia Image?" —JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1376)

B. L. GORDON
TITAN OF THE TIDES
(From *Natural History* magazine)

Two large basking sharks swimming one behind the other in tandem fashion could be mistaken for a "sea serpent" . . . especially if the lead shark were swimming with its mouth open and its snout—frequently red in color—above the surface.

The mature female is coming into her own as a love symbol and an object of passion.

MARYA MANNES

said it recently in Esquire, writing of Simone Signoret. Other perceptive critics keeping Esquire readers abreast of 20th Century mores: Malcolm Muggeridge, André Maurois, C. Northcote Parkinson, John Mason Brown, John Steinbeck.

The American people have picked more indifferent and bad Presidents than good and great Presidents.

ERIC SEVAREID

made the point recently in Esquire, writing of the ideal candidate for 1960. Other observers making Esquire readers wonder what ever became of punch-pulling: Senator Jacob Javits, Joseph Kraft, Richard Rovere, David Schoenbrun, Emmet John Hughes.

Some Americans live in Rome because of the income tax and some Americans live in Rome because they're divorced or oversexed ...but we live in Rome because my father's bones lie in the Protestant Cemetery.

JOHN CHEEVER

described it recently in Esquire. Other contemporary storytellers keeping delighted Esquire readers up late: Theodore H. White, William Styron, Carson McCullers, William Faulkner, Arthur Miller, Kingsley Amis, Anthony C. West.

When monster meets monster, one monster has to give way, and it will never be me. I'm an older hand at it, with much more natural aptitude at it than you have.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS

threw the line to Ariadne del Lago in "Sweet Bird of Youth," published complete in Esquire simultaneous with the Broadway opening. Others choosing Esquire to break major literary news: Archibald MacLeish (with his TV play, "The Secret of Freedom"), Gian-Carlo Menotti (the complete libretto of "Vanessa"), Charles de Gaulle (excerpts from the new memoirs), even Emperor Hirohito (he writes poetry).

BEN SHAHN

picked up his pencil recently for Esquire, presented the magazine's fascinated readers with a visual analysis of the characters from Hamlet (q.v., above). Others making Esquire one of America's most distinguished showcases of the visual arts: artists Leslie Saalburg, Tom Allen, John Groth; photographers Louis Renault, Gjon Mili, Richard Avedon.

I carry about with me through all my days a list of Things I Do Not Understand. One is the principle of the zipper. The other is the precise function of Bernard Baruch.

DOROTHY PARKER

swings into book reviews for Esquire like Mantle up at bat. Other irregular "regulars" reviewing the pleasure domes for Esquire readers: Martin Mayer (records), Nat Hentoff (jazz), Joseph Wechsberg (gourmet), Dwight Macdonald (films), Richard Joseph (travel) who made a discovery recently worth the price of ten Esquire subscriptions: in the Canary Islands, wine costs 7 cents a bottle.

Colorful, controversial, compelling, Esquire today is different—different from all other magazines, different from itself just a few years ago. If you haven't seen a copy lately, you're in for a delicious surprise. No less a connoisseur than Lincoln Kirstein calls it "the best-edited mass magazine in the U.S. today." The coupon below offers you an opportunity to get acquainted with today's luxurious Esquire at a price that's positively penny-pinching. Clip and mail it today on a postcard—you'll be settled back in your chair, a contented subscriber, with the very next issue that's out.

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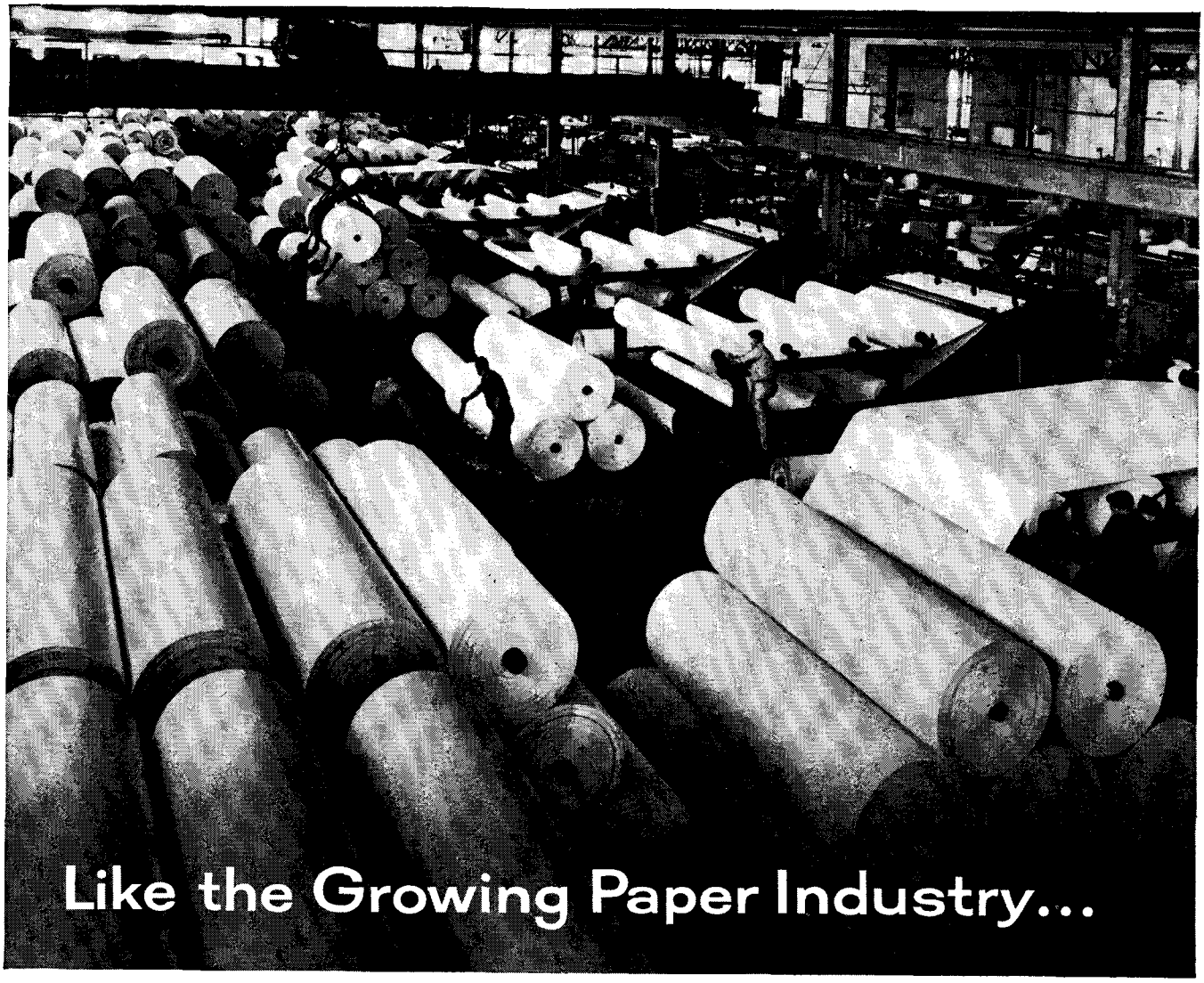
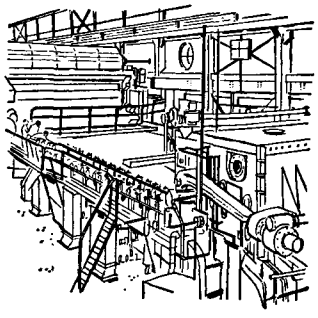


there's more to Cities Service than meets the eye!



It takes giant machines to turn rags, straw, wood and other fibrous materials into paper. The huge "wet end" of a machine shown above is used in making stretchable papers.

This year our paper industry will produce more than 68 billion pounds of paper. It will take over 200,000 people to manufacture it.

And more than 400,000 people work in paper and allied-products industries to produce the myriad of paper products we use. Yet few of us realize the huge production task involved in manufacturing the paper we need.

And few motorists "filling her up" at their Cities Service station consider the enormous task of producing gasolene. Cities Service searches five continents for oil . . . maintains a pipeline system that can circle the globe . . . operates towering refineries and modern research laboratories. Cities Service has spent over a billion dollars so far in building and maintaining this vast network of facilities.

Only in this way can America have what it needs for progress —more jobs and more and better oil products.

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Saturday Review
AUGUST 13, 1960

BREWING INSTANT FICTION

By ALBERT VAN NOSTRAND

Mr. Van Nostrand is associate professor of English at Brown University. This article is previewed from his book "The Denatured Novel," scheduled to be published next month by Bobbs-Merrill.

INEXPENSIVE paperbound books now account for the largest share of the book trade's retail volume. Even in a business notoriously built on exceptions and contradictions, the paperbacks stand out. The presentation of the inexpensive paperback customarily contradicts the book itself; it negates the distribution system that delivers the book to the buyer, and it impugns the very claim it makes to the purchaser. Indeed, the marketing of the paperback novel even denies the reading process. Publishers have made it possible to *not*-read almost every paperback novel they print.

They have accomplished this extraordinary feat by means of the package itself, which has created a startling image of American fiction during the past twenty years. This image is easily observed. I find it, for instance, in the packaging of a broad selection of novels —302 to be exact—published in soft covers during the past twenty years. This is about 7 per cent of the more than 4,000 fiction titles now in paperback editions.

There is nothing scientistic (or even scientific) about this collection of books; it is no controlled sample from specified retail outlets. It contains merely the novels I have bought from time to time with small change. But it does happen to represent ninety-seven American writers whose works were originally published during the last 100 years; and it includes the imprints of twelve major American publishers of inexpensive paperback books: Ace, Avon, Ballantine, Bantam, Crest, Dell, Gold Medal, Permabooks, Pocket Books, Popular Library, Pyramid, and Signet. It is, I think, a fair representation of contemporary American fiction.

The image created by these paperbacks is derived primarily from their covers, conveyed by a kind of "outside idiom" that comes across in a hurry, for efficient non-reading. Just seventy-one adjectives describe all of these books, but in a declining ratio. There are forty-nine adjectives on the first 100 covers (arranged alphabetically by author), seventeen new ones on the next 100, and only five new adjectives on the covers of the rest.

A frequency list of the words is even more revealing. Twenty-three adjectives are repeated more than five times, and a dozen words are so insistent that the image of this fiction is incontestable. These novels are "moving," "brilliant," "dynamic," and "compelling." They are "gripping," "graphic," and "fascinating." They are "emotion-charged" and "blood-stirring," and occasionally "drum-tight." But more than anything else they are "poignant" and "powerful." They are about equally "compassionate" and "brutal"; and some —often the less expensive ones—are both.

These adjectives keep company with picturesque verbs. These novels were not written, for instance; by and large they were "carved." They were "carved from the frontier," they were carved "from the city" and "from the past," they were "carved from the human heart." These carvings are about persons "caught in a web"; usually a "web of destiny," occasionally a web of "stark destiny." Moreover, these novels "score." They score by being "merciless," "stinging," "biting," or "fearless." And they "speak out" too. But for every "outspoken" novel, seventeen are "frank" and three are "utterly frank." The subject of this candor is variously "bawdy," "daring," "intimate," "racy," "stark," and "unnatural."

Searching for a new sensation, one publisher has even labeled the contents

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Blurbs: Their Use and Misuse

The "blurb" is a legitimate marketing device, but publishers often misuse it by emphasizing, in a few clichés, the most obvious conflict in a book. If a novel is worth anything, however, the conflict will never exist merely for itself. By the way the story repeats this conflict, some idea will gradually emerge. In this emerging idea lies every novel's individuality—which is its best selling point. The use and misuse of blurbs can be clearly illustrated by a few samples.

BLURBS	COMMENTS
From Nathanael West's "Miss Lonelyhearts" (1933):	
Dear Miss Lonelyhearts, HELP ME . . . HELP ME . . . HELP ME? PLEASE!!!! This is the lovelorn column of a big city newspaper—the last resort of a thousand lonely, emotion-starved people. And when "Miss Lonelyhearts" turns out to be a man—the result is bound to be both explosive and shocking.	The shock and explosiveness have nothing to do with the gender in the title. The point of the book *is* not that "Miss Lonelyhearts" turns out to be a man (the novel's opening sentence settles that), but that he turns out to be a man with a Christ-complex, whose inability to cope with human misery outrages and destroys him.
From F. Scott Fitzgerald's "The Great Gatsby" (1951):	
These were the fabulous parties that Gatsby gave at his gorgeous Long Island estate—for dozens of people he didn't even know. Who was this mysterious host? What was the dark secret that brooded behind the gayety?	This misses the point. The important question is not who Gatsby really is, but *why* he has become Gatsby. The book is about a dream and the reality on which it founders.
From Jack Kerouac's "On the Road" (1958):	
. . . the explosive chronicle of two youths' refusal to bow to authority, to conform to a society they cannot accept. Here is the saga of their wild, restless rebellion as told by the hip Homer of the Beat Generation.	Aside from that last phrase, which speaks for itself, this blurb is categorically wrong. These characters have no concept of either accepting or rebelling. They have no concept of evil, no concept of responsibility. They simply exist. This blurb generates a sense of conflict where there is none.
From John O'Hara's "Ten North Frederick" (1957):	
TEN NORTH FREDERICK is not merely the address of Joe Chapin's comfortable, prosperous home in Gibbsville, Pennsylvania. It is the profoundly revealing story of life in America today. In TEN NORTH FREDERICK John O'Hara takes the wraps off the social customs, the politics, the morals of a small American city. He shows you the hopes and failures, the corruptions and dreams of its people. . . .	This is an honest blurb. It says about as much as it can for a novel which does not explain itself. There are plenty of circumstances which might have been reasons for Joe Chapin's drinking himself to death, but the novel itself dismisses them and shows no cause. Except for the phrase "profoundly revealing," the blurb is accurate.
From Kenneth Dodson's "Away All Boats" (1956):	
The mightiest novel of men at war since BATTLE CRY.	Both novels were published in the same year (and reprinted by the same house). —A. Van N.

of his book as "turgid!"—which is certainly being "utterly frank."

What one discovers about these "emotion - packed," "action - charged" books—by Mark Twain, Herman Melville, Mickey Spillane, Frank Norris, Theodore Dreiser, Erle Stanley Gardner, Thomas Wolfe, John Marquand, William Faulkner, and numerous others—is that they are apparently all the same, a fact which, were it true, would save everyone a great deal of time. How all these novels suddenly got to be the same in the last twenty years is something of a mystery, until you begin to inspect the economics of paperback publishing. Then it all becomes clear—along with the fact that the reader's good faith and the book trade's ultimate good intentions have been contradicted in the paperbacks more efficiently than ever before.

THIS curious state of affairs stems from the marriage of convenience which reprint publishers and local wholesalers made during the 1940s. The reprint business is a packaging and distributing operation. Reprinters, however, could not afford to distribute their packages by mail; and magazine wholesalers, during World War II, were short of magazines and needed something to sell. Each needed the other, but the method of wholesaling magazines had been established many years before the contemporary reprinter came along.

The current revival of cheap books, therefore, exploits some old economic conditions in a new way. The paperbacks are distributed to most retailers not as books but as magazines. They are consequently produced like magazines and retailed like magazines. To the wholesaler, nothing is quite so dead as the magazine he distributed last week—or the book, for that matter. If last week's book is still in the retailer's rack when he makes his next call, the wholesaler withdraws it in favor of another title, possibly issued by some other reprinter. The publisher must therefore continually issue new titles to replace slow sellers. This system puts a high premium on predictable books. Each new book must offer—or appear to offer—what the last book offered, only more of it. This fact conditions the editorial policy of all inexpensive paperback publishers.

Each book must appear to have the salable qualities of its predecessors. Since the book must compete for attention with magazine covers as well as with other books, it must also advertise itself on the retailer's racks. The advertising is therefore calculated to make the book stand out—but conventionally. It must demonstrate the same

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appeal, but more blatantly, which explains those few frenetic adjectives on all the eye-catching covers, haranguing the customer like a sideshow barker. The aim is to shock, but shock is only a symptom of the affliction.

The real disorder in the paperback venture is the steady demise of the publisher's editorial prerogative. (The "quality" paperbacks, on the other hand, retailed as books and not as magazines, for thousands instead of millions of readers, are a different matter.) What has happened to the inexpensive paperbacks—whether they cost twenty-five cents or seventy-five cents—is that the means of distributing a new book now determines what the book shall be.

The appeal of the paperback, as one reprinter puts it, is "basic approach to *basic* problems." Regardless of the book, this is what the reprinter promises the customer. All over its covers, and inside as well, he strains to show the book's extravagance. What he accomplishes by this is the limitation of each title to the mean level of all the others. This is why the sample of 302 American novels, which launched this discussion, raises the question of a monolithic literature. When a novel succeeds on the retailer's racks, its cover copy accurately prescribes the specifications for its successors.

The publishers themselves have raised the question of literary excellence by plastering testimonials to that effect all over their books. Carefully quoted, these claims are attributed to "critics," which is what a publisher calls book reviewers whose testimony happens to suit him. The paperback edition of Ernest Hemingway's novel "Across the River and Into the Trees" (1950)* is really a collector's item. It carries Tennessee Williams's affidavit that this is "the best . . . the finest thing that Hemingway has done." But this laughably bad judgment is a mere amateur's try compared to John O'Hara's absurd statement, also quoted on the cover, that Hemingway is "the outstanding author out of the millions who have lived since 1616." When it comes to handing out literary credentials, no publisher has yet matched this package, but they are all trying.

The affidavit of literary authenticity on the cover is used to excuse or justify the book. It also braces up the reader; it is that little something extra which helps the tourist pretend he is traveling first class. The reprint package of Frederic Wakeman's "Shore Leave" (1948) typically flaunts such big-time literary talk. This book has "some of the wise-cracking wit of Hemingway's 'The Sun Also Rises.'" "It's like an almond-bitter 'Farewell to Arms'; a more desperate Hemingway in a more tragic age." About the hero: "All by himself he made up a lost generation."

The testimony of book reviewers which publishers exploit appears in the language of qualified superlatives. "Masterpiece" and "classic" perform heavy duty, carefully hedged by disclaimers such as "one of the greatest" or "among the greatest," "perhaps the greatest of all time" or "in the nation" or "in the century." So-and-so, an unknown author who cannot yet qualify for greatness of this magnitude, appears instead as a "master storyteller" or merely "at his best."

THE reprint publisher has an impeccable answer to this sort of cavil. After all, he did not write these "critical" accolades; he merely displays them. Moreover, there is nothing new about irresponsible extravagance in book reviewing. But the reprinter has contributed to this malpractice by means of an entire tabloid package that distorts more efficiently than ever before.

Comparison by superlative soon exhausts its subject. When such comparison involves two billion packages, more or less, then who can tell from these packages what the contents of any one of them might be? How shall the reader know his purchase? All of these novels look the same: a new kind of instant fiction packaged in two billion compelling sequels to one another. Selling all novels as instant fiction, of course, penalizes those books which have some complexity. It takes more time to read the novel that demands some reasoning collaboration, but the paperback's entire presentation denies this fact. It does so by encouraging the buyer always to expect entertainment without effort.

The presentation usually makes this indiscriminate promise by abridging the contents of the novel into a preview, usually printed on the book's first page but sometimes on the back cover. This preview tells the reader what to look for. It stresses the momentum of the story, stating a conflict and raising the question of how the novel will resolve it. The preview insists on some unique excess within this conflict which makes it different from everyday experience and gives it news value.

The preview is journalistic. Like the news story, which telegraphs its climax, the preview keeps the reader going. It even looks like a news story, from the headline and the lead sentence featuring the uniqueness, to the narrative of events, and finally to the occasional details. This newsworthy preview ideally fits those novels that have nothing more to offer than the resolution of a series of events.

The newsworthy résumé stresses the action and disallows its implications. But because novels differ from one another precisely in these implications, the monolithic preview usually distorts a novel. The paperbound edition of Walter Van Tilburg Clark's novel "The Ox-Bow Incident" (1954), for example, distorts by default. In the customary sequence of headline, lead sentence, synopsis, and "expert" literary testimony, it clarifies the story's news value. At a kangaroo court, a posse of ranchers

(*Continued on page* 38)

"I've never been able to get my wife up in one of these. She thinks their place is on the floor."

**Figures in parentheses are the publication dates of the paperback editions referred to.*

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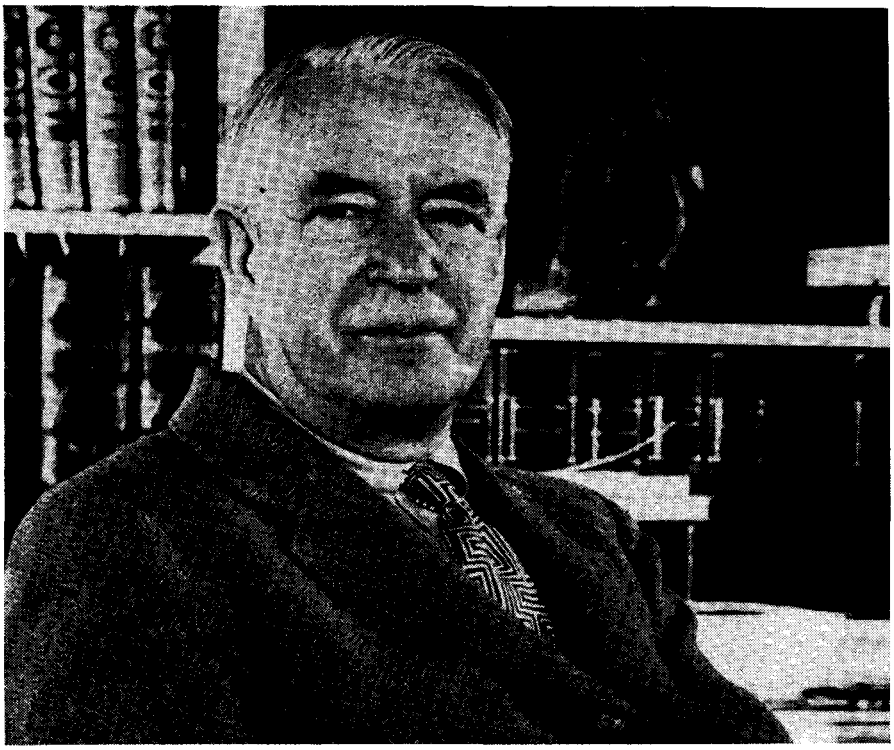

The recent death of John Phillips Marquand ended a literary career that had spanned nearly forty years and ranged from mystery and intrigue to social satire. On these pages, Marquand, the man and the writer, is viewed by John Mason Brown, distinguished critic and an editor-at-large of SR, and by Maxwell Geismar, author of the series of books "The Novel in America" and other critical works. Mr. Brown's article, published in cooperation with the Book-of-the-Month Club, was written for inclusion in a special memorial tribute to the novelist, in which BOMC announced the establishment of the $10,000 John P. Marquand First Novel Award.

JOHN P. MARQUAND

1. The Man

By JOHN MASON BROWN

DEATH when it strikes suddenly and at a distance is the harder to accept because it seems unbelievable. Its mild mercy when it comes quickly is that it spares the dead the pains and indignities of illness, and the absent losers the anguish of ever associating death with the lost. John Marquand died in his sleep at Newburyport, Massachusetts, early in the morning of July 16. He was very much alive at the judges' meeting of the Book-of-the-Month Club two days before. He was very much alive after that meeting when he and I shared a taxi the long way uptown from Hudson Street to the Knickerbocker Club, for which he was headed. And for me, as for many another, he will always remain as vividly alive as if we had just parted and were soon to meet again.

With all my heart I wish we were going to, because, though reading him was a delight, meeting him was an added joy. He looked the way his books sounded, and sounded like the most colorful of his own Bostonians. He made conversation an experience because he acted his talk as only a superior mimic, who as a novelist happened to be a superior satirist, could.

His were the bluest eyes I have ever seen and they became bluer when he was amused, which he was always eager to be. Or when he was enthusiastic, which he was with warm generosity. Or when he was either truly disgusted or pretending to be so to make a critical or comic point. His eyes seemed the bluer, and his carefully combed white hair the whiter, and his dark eyebrows the blacker because of the accentuating pinkness of his skin, which in explosive moments could become poppy-red. He had a tweedy look; yet, though he dressed with meticulous casualness, one always sensed that in his closet, and not necessarily at the back of it, were his cutaway and topper all ready for his overseer's role at a Harvard commencement.

He bit his words when he talked because he respected words too much to slur them. His accent, with its flat A's, would have delighted George Apley or made him think that he was overhearing himself. His cadences were stately in their flourishes and his voice was a fog in his throat. It came with a slight and very cultivated roar from far back in his head.

Invariably John added to the judges' meeting by being so unchallengeably a brilliant creator who immersed himself creatively in the monthly task of separating the literary sheep from the goats. Others might review a book in reviewers' terms. Not he. His opinions often took the form of snatches from spoken novels, complete with improvised bits of dialogue in the manner of the writer being discussed, as a means of emphasizing his merits or his weaknesses. Then there were his rich memories of China, India, London, the two wars, the Army or the Navy, which he tapped to sustain or combat the points made by the author under discussion. His standards were high, his disgust was gorgeous, and he usually took his place at the table as a man so steam-driven by ideas he wanted to release that it seemed certain he would explode if he did not release them soon.

With John, overstatement was a game to which all of us at the Book-of-the-Month Club looked forward to having him play. John would moan with outrage. His right hand would reach for his chin and swing his head to one side in agony. His blue eyes would freeze with mock anguish. He would howl to the deity. These outbursts were grand sport and play-acting of which W. C. Fields would have been proud. Once he had blown his top at the beginning of a meeting, John was

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apt to become as quiet as he did at the last meeting until in the taxi uptown he again broke into hilarious conversation.

What did he talk about on the way uptown, with laughter choking his throat or enthusiasm heating his voice? He talked about books, his fellow judges, the Democratic Convention then in progress, a novel he would like to write about the misfortune that dogs the children of great political leaders (his illustrations ranged spicily over history past and present). Above all, he talked about his new novel, some fifty pages of which he had completed, pages which two who have read them say are among the best he has ever written. He was as eager as a young novelist to get on with them. He had a young writer's enthusiasm.

In fiction, John had the habit of working from the present back into the past and then from the past up to the present. He was the master of the flashback. But as a man, no less than as a writer, he never went backward in his mind except to go forward. In June, at the Newburyport High School commencement address, he said, "My generation has gone by. The world now is in your hands." In his review of Vinnie Williams's "Walk Egypt" in the midsummer Book-of-the-Month Club *News*, he commented, "Recently there has been a dearth of good American fiction." This was one of the most restrained of his rare understatements.

John was genuinely upset by the paucity of good new American fiction and genuinely concerned with the emergence of good new American writers. He loved good writing as he loved good living; in fact, good writing was part of his good living. He cared terribly about young writers. They could irritate him even more vehemently than their elders because he placed his hope in them. But he was eager to discover merits in their work.

Nothing would have pleased him more, I am confident, than the award to the best first novel published over a two-year period, which the Book-of-the-Month Club is giving in his name. Speaking of his name, many of his admirers who have not read Thackeray for a long time have been tempted (I know I have) to describe him as a modern Thackeray. That is an unnecessary and irrelevant coupling. Having been William Makepeace Thackeray is a fine and distinguished thing. Having been John P. Marquand is also a fine and distinguished thing, but very different. John P. Marquand is a name in its own right, representing a union of talents, one and indivisible, as I am certain that millions of readers and those of us who have worked with John would agree.

2. *The Writer*

By MAXWELL GEISMAR

THE GREAT age of the American literary titans is drawing to a close. Perhaps that is why we feel a special loss in the recent death of John P. Marquand at the relatively early age of sixty-six. He was not a major figure. He hovered on the fringe both of "society" and of literary fame all his life, and his books bear the special imprint of the "outsider." But he was a literary personage without doubt; he was in his own way the dean of the popular-fiction writers who had not yet been submerged in the production lines of Hollywood or TV. It was somehow reassuring to have him around, even if one never quite agreed with his sentiments or with his recent books. At least he had the mark of his profession, his craft, and his entertaining personality.

His early acclaim came with "The Late George Apley," the Pulitzer Prize novel of 1938 which also won the praise of Bernard De Voto in the columns of *Saturday Review*. Well, I have just reread "Apley," and this study of a proper Bostonian may seem a little pale and thin today—as indeed its hero was—when compared with a "Babbitt" or with the biting satire in Ellen Glasgow's novels of the Virginia aristocracy, or with Edith Wharton's Old New York. But "Apley" had Marquand's special note of glamour and nostalgia, of a delicate irony, as De Voto said, "that smiles, sympathizes, and almost forgives."

Maybe that was his real trouble. He lacked the ruthless thrust of the big writers. He could never make a real break with the society that he saw through so clearly, whose values and manners he observed so acutely and recorded in such a marvelous prose texture. The narrator-hero of "Wickford Point" (1939), Marquand's next and unquestionably his best novel, marries the girl he loves only on the condition that she "accept" the broken-down New England aristocracy whose foibles and corruption the story portrayed so well. But this was Marquand's best novel just because its material was so close to him, and he could indulge both his warmth and his wit. For all his emotional allegiance to the Newburyport society of the late nineteenth century —of the post-Transcendentalist epoch— he felt free to show its reality.

He came directly out of this society of dilettantes and eccentrics, and he became one of the most highly paid professional writers of the smooth-magazine world in the early 1930s. His popular success there was the "Mr. Moto" series, which the present writer used to read with utter fascination during his own "literary apprenticeship." Even then Marquand cast his spell, and I still yearn for the pure pleasure of those romantic adventures which awaited me in the glossy pages of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Marquand was proud of his professional training, too; and he was scornful of those "intellectuals" who knew so little about the craft of fiction.

But everything in his life was double-edged, apparently, in a world where it was impossible to have a clear decision. Wasn't it this early training in professional entertainment – and the psychological necessity, perhaps, always to have a popular "hit"—which made him adopt, in "H. M. Pulham, Esquire" (1941), the literary formula which was really at the base of a whole series of later novels? At least Harry Pulham was the first in the line of semi-heroic, semi-sad, essentially decent, and possibly rather dull Marquand "heroes" who instigate but never live out their little rebellions against a conformity that they can never escape. The novel was set around the twenty-sixth Harvard reunion of pre-World War I graduates; it had elements of his earlier New England stories. But Marquand's message was approximately this: "There is a better life you might have lived, if you could have lived again, but you couldn't, so. . . ."

THUS THE real pattern of his later fiction was a sort of magic circle of "enchantment" that ended almost exactly where it began. This was a kind of half-realism of "adjustment" which was indubitably true—unless you don't care for an adjustment which is really a total surrender. And the major American writers, from Emerson and Whitman and Dreiser to the moderns, have hardly preached a resignation to life which avoids all possibility of life. Yet the Marquand "texture"—the brilliant scenes of satire, the entertaining and witty dialogue, the nostalgic return to the past and to youth, the remarkable evocation of time and place—was present again in "So Little Time" (1943), a novel of the pre-World War II years which was one of the most popular and one of the best of his later books.

"B.F.'s Daughter" (1946) was another tale of the war years, and the only Marquand novel, as I remember, to be seen through a woman's eyes. Marquand's heroines are not generally impressive; in our native tradition, his sympathy for women was, apparently, both limited and romantic, apart

(*Continued on page* 39)

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The Highbrow and the Midcult

By Granville Hicks

IN A TALK he gave at *Esquire's* conference last winter at the State University of Iowa, Dwight MacDonald cited Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" as an example of what he called Midcult-middlebrow culture. "I don't know," he said, "why no one's ever mentioned the obvious connection between 'Our Town' and the covers by Norman Rockwell for *The Saturday Evening Post*, because both of them have this absolutely perfect eye for all the corny clichés about American small town life."

That "Our Town" is a compendium of clichés is, of course, perfectly true; Wilder intended it to be. "Literature is the orchestration of platitudes," he once said. A platitude doesn't scare him; he sees it, rather, as a challenge. What is wrong with a platitude is not that it is untrue but that our familiarity with a particular form of expression has made us impervious to the truth. In "Our Town" we are given one cliché after another, and made to look at them, to feel them, to discover for ourselves the truths behind them. How much of the truth we see depends on us; in any audience some people see more than others; but always Wilder is pushing us to see as much as we are capable of.

That is the large difference between Thornton Wilder and Norman Rockwell. Rockwell comforts his admirers by making both thought and deep feeling unnecessary. There is the world of familiar things, which one recognizes with mild pleasure and does not have to think about at all. Wilder, on the contrary, is constantly coaxing us to go below the surface and to find there as much new experience as we are able to grasp.

Malcolm Cowley has said that "Our Town" is more frequently produced than any other modern play, that there is scarcely an evening in the year when it is not being given by some amateur group. The stage technique, no doubt, appeals to amateurs, but the chief reason for its success is that so many different kinds of people like it. In the nineteenth century many writers were able to reach various levels of culture and sophistication, but in our time, as MacDonald said in his talk, writers often feel that they have to aim at particular audiences. With "Our Town" Wilder reaches not only middlebrows but also lowbrows and, MacDonald to the contrary notwithstanding, highbrows.

"The Skin of Our Teeth," which had a great vogue in Central Europe after the war, has never been so popular in this country as "Our Town," but it is still very much alive. I saw it in a summer theatre the other evening and was almost as excited as I was by the Broadway version in 1942. I liked it, and so, I gathered, did a mixed audience. Again there is nothing strikingly original about the leading ideas. Wilder is saying that certain situations have recurred again and again in man's experience on earth. He is saying that the human race has repeatedly survived by the narrowest of margins. ("I know," Mr. Antrobus puts it, "that every good and excellent thing in the world stands moment by moment on the razor-edge of danger and must be fought for.") What Wilder has done is to redeem these propositions from the platitudinous and restore them to the realm of significant truth. He has not hesitated to use any corny device that will serve his purpose, but his purpose grows out of a freshly imagined perception of the human condition.

Wilder is a challenge to MacDonald's whole scheme of classification. Look at his novels. "The Cabala," "The Woman of Andros," and "The Ides of March" are highbrow by my standards or, I should think, anyone else's. "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," on the other hand, had a large popular appeal, just as the plays have had, and I can't believe that MacDonald wouldn't call it an example of Midcult. Yet Wilder is all of a piece if ever a writer was. The same ideas run through all his novels and plays, and if his techniques are varied, he is consistent in his devotion to experimentation. He is a tough writer to pigeonhole.

I don't want to minimize MacDonald's usefulness as a student of mass culture, a subject on which he has written often and well. In the spring issue of *Partisan Review* appears the first part of a two-part article, "Masscult and Midcult," in which he sums up his present views. Masscult is the theme of Part I, as Midcult will presumably be of Part II, and MacDonald gives a sound, discriminating account of the relationship between mass culture and the form our industrial-urban society has taken.

Up to a point MacDonald helps us to understand our cultural predicament, but beyond that point I am afraid he only adds to our confusion. Mass culture, of course, is something we have had to reckon with for some time, but Midcult is a new label for what MacDonald sees as a comparatively recent phenomenon. The great increase in college education, he argues, has created a public that likes to feel that it is seriously engaged with great art and yet is unable or unwilling to make the effort such art demands. That there is such a public and that there are books that satisfy it cannot be denied, but I am still not convinced that Midcult is a useful term—at least for critical, as distinct from sociological, discourse.

MacDonald, for instance, in his Iowa talk, cited J. P. Marquand, John Hersey, and John Steinbeck as middlebrow novelists, and he bracketed Archibald MacLeish's "J.B." with Wilder's "Our Town." Maybe these writers and these works can fairly be called middlebrow, but so describing them does not seem to me to say much about them. The whole method of classification is highly subjective. Couldn't it be argued—by MacDonald if he happened to be in the mood—that Robert Frost is middlebrow, that Ernest Hemingway is? Isn't T.S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party" as middlebrow as "Our Town," and doesn't that raise a nasty suspicion that the whole body of Eliot's work—since, say, "The Hollow Men"—belongs to Midcult?

Critics who go sniffing around for examples of Midcult can always find them, but that is not really the critics' business. Any serious author, unless he is ostentatiously avant-garde, hopes to reach as many middlebrow readers as possible, but of course he wants to reach them on his own terms, with what he sees and thinks and feels. If he can do it, and sometimes he can, we have cause for rejoicing. But his position—or, more often, nonposition—on the best-seller list is of no importance to the critic. The critic's proper concern is a piece of writing, not a sociological category. Calling a novel or a play middlebrow is easy; specifically analyzing its achievements and its shortcomings is difficult and a lot more useful.

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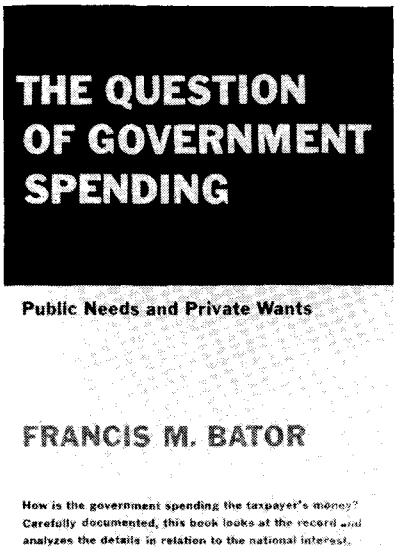
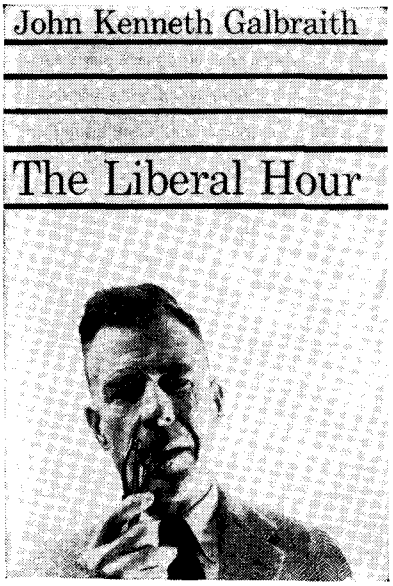
Books in the News


THE QUESTION OF GOVERNMENT SPENDING
Public Needs and Private Wants
FRANCIS M. BATOR
How is the government spending the taxpayer's money? Carefully documented, this book looks at the record and analyzes the details in relation to the national interest.



Problems of the People's Purse

By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., *author of "The Politics of Upheaval," to be published next month.*

FOR A generation Americans have argued about the problem of public spending. In the Thirties the party in power came to base its policy on the expansion of public spending, while the party in opposition replied with predictions of bankruptcy and disaster. In the Forties, when the issue was survival, the debate was temporarily adjourned; for a moment no one on either side cared whether we spent too much. Then in the Fifties the second party, now itself in power, dedicated itself to the contraction of public spending. As President Eisenhower candidly stated his Administration's objective, "We will reduce the share of the national income which is spent by the government." Today, as we enter the Sixties, the first party, after a period of confusion, has begun to renew its call for more public spending while the second has reaffirmed its hatred of the idea of increased national activity. The problem whether more resources should be devoted to public purposes is bound to be a leading issue in the election. It is one on which Senator Kennedy and Vice President Nixon have already staked out sharply contradictory positions.

This debate, I say, has gone on for a generation and is being resumed with special intensity in 1960. Yet one oddity is that during this long period so many people have contended with such passion on both sides of the question without bothering to determine the actual facts; indeed, the facts themselves seem often to have receded behind impenetrable screens of euphoric slogans on the one side and gloomy clichés on the other. Against this storm of rhetoric, Francis M. Bator in **"The Question of Government Spending: Public Needs and Private Wants"** (Harper, $3.75) now makes a valiant attempt to wrench the argument back to rationality. The first part of his valuable book is devoted to the curiously neglected job of trying to establish the hard facts of the problem.

This is not an entirely simple exercise, but Mr. Bator masters it with the precision and sophistication of a very able economist. He points out that aggregate totals of government spending, of the sort one finds in national income statistics, are not in themselves particularly illuminating. It is essential to distinguish here between "exhaustive" and "nonexhaustive" expenditure. By exhaustive expenditure, Mr. Bator means government purchase of goods and services—in other words, government spending which absorbs output and hence reduces the volume of resources available for private purposes. Nonexhaustive expenditure, on the other hand, constitutes no claim on production; it consists essentially of payments which redistribute income or assets—for example, unemployment compensation, old-age benefits, federal grants-in-aid to state and local government. Obviously, it is exhaustive expenditure, and not redistributive expenditure nor the gross total of government spending, which rouses conservative criticism by diverting resources from private consumption or private capital formation. Accordingly Mr. Bator can begin by narrowing his argument to the question of how much government has spent in the purchase of goods and services and what the effects of this expenditure have been.

The next step in his analysis is to examine the history of public exhaustive expenditure since 1929. Casual readers of newspaper editorials no doubt have the impression that public spending has been increasing faster than anything else, at least up to the last few years. The facts are less dramatic. Civilian government spending has risen only about half as fast as output since 1929. While the gross national product, corrected for price increases, has multiplied fourfold, nondefense public spending at all levels of government has only a little more than doubled, rising (in 1957 dollars) from $18.9 billion in 1929 to $39.8 billion in 1957. The ratio of government spending as against the total nondefense output of the economy was 7.5 per cent under Hoover and is now only 10.3 per cent under Eisenhower; these figures should be contrasted, of course, with the 1939 figure of 13.4 per cent at the height of the New Deal. Mr. Bator concludes, "It appears, in other words, that of the resources left over for private and public 'civilian' consumption and capital formation—left over, that is, after military provision for survival—we have been committing in the postwar period only a slightly larger fraction to such communal uses as schools, roads, sanitation, urban renewal, etc., than we did in 1929, and a smaller share than in 1939." In 1957, he adds, we assigned about the same volume of resources per head of population to civilian public purposes as in 1939 in spite of the fact that per capita civilian output in constant dollars had risen by nearly 50 per cent.

Mr. Bator is thus able to establish in a number of ways that we have gained little since 1929 and have actually fallen back since 1939 in the fraction of our resources we have chosen to allocate to public purposes. The next question, he suggests, is whether this policy of

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contracting the proportion of resources devoted to public use is necessary to maintain other values in our society; or, to put it another way, whether we could return to the ratio of public spending, say, of 1939, without harming our social order in other respects. Here, as he takes care to point out, we pass from the realm of facts to the realm of comparative values. Mr. Bator's particular object is to straighten out the factual questions so that choices can be based as much as possible on clear understanding of the consequences of feasible alternatives.

In a series of trenchant chapters he analyzes the arguments conventionally advanced against a larger allocation of resources to the public sector: the argument that it must infallibly cause inflation; the argument that it will result in the starvation of the private sector, especially of private investment; the argument that it will destroy the sovereignty of the consumer; the argument that government inefficiency will lead to a gross misallocation of resources. On each of these issues, his analysis is exact, subtle, and, in this reviewer's judgment, convincing.

Hear him, for example, on the claims made by some liberal economists, that undue emphasis on the public sector would hamper the fight against private poverty. Mr. Bator points out that, on the contrary, the most effective means for eliminating such pockets of poverty —public health measures, provision of cheap power, education, irrigation, housing—involve more public spending.

Or consider an argument often urged by conservative economists: that undue emphasis on the public sector would reduce innovation and slow down the technological dynamism of the private sector on which, by the argument, our economic progress depends. Mr. Bator replies:

> It is a bold man who would claim that we would be further ahead in the development and peaceful application of nuclear techniques, electronics, jet propulsion, agricultural husbandry, and disease prevention and control if during the past decade the government had not supported, directly and *indirectly*, a costly and commercially unsupportable research and development effort and instead had allowed private spending its head; or that bright people with advanced professional training would be more plentiful if education had been rationed by a full-cost price.

Mr. Bator has his own views on the allocation question. He believes, as he puts it with frankness in his preface, that "we are dangerously shortchanging ourselves on defense, foreign aid, education, urban renewal; that we badly need to increase allocations to these and a variety of other public tasks." But his book is an essay in clarification rather than in persuasion. He seeks primarily to make people understand and debate what the real choices are as they confront the problem of dividing up scarce resources and talent among a multitude of public and private claimants. "Honest and detailed specification of the choices we face as a community," he writes, ". . . is one of the most important responsibilities of political leadership. . . . Unless the communal stake in defense, foreign aid, public health, pure research, education, urban renewal, and the like is articulated with precision and force, our taste for 'private' things, which do not lack for articulators, is likely to dominate."

"The Question of Government Spending" is a worthy sequel to John Kenneth Galbraith's "The Affluent Society." It is intellectually a pleasure to read: Mr. Bator has such fine control over his argument and such sensitive awareness of the relevance of issues that one constantly rejoices in his analytical elegance. More than this, it states the great economic issue of 1960 with brilliant clarity and precision. It is an indispensable book for all Americans who care about the direction in which their country is heading; and no one should seek high national office this year without having absorbed its salient facts and come to terms with its central conclusions.

Blueprint for National Solvency

By David M. Potter, *whose historically-oriented analysis of "The American Economic System" appears in "An Outline of Man's Knowledge of the Modern World," edited by the late Lyman Bryson.*

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH's **"The Liberal Hour"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50) owes its title to Adlai Stevenson. It owes its punch and incisiveness to Galbraith himself. It owes some of its timeliness and importance to John F. Kennedy, for if the Democrats win in November, Galbraith is likely to become a key figure in the new Administration.

As an advocate of large-scale spending, Galbraith resembles the New Dealers of twenty-seven years ago. As a Harvard professor of economics, active in Democratic politics, he resembles Roosevelt's Brain Trusters. His critics, who will react adversely to his liberalism, his unorthodoxy, his dogmatic tone, and his boldness in spending, are likely to regard him simply as an unwelcome reincarnation of Harry Hopkins. But a close look at "The Liberal Hour" reveals at once the fact that in so far as Galbraith represents liberalism today it is a vastly different thing from the liberalism of the Thirties.

Liberalism, old style, was concerned primarily with the redistribution of income among private individuals. Roosevelt found the rich too wealthy and the poor too ill-fed, ill-housed, and ill-clothed; his remedy was to divert income from the one to the other. He found the creditors too strong and the debtors too weak; his remedy was to inflate the dollars in which debtor paid creditor. He found the power of employers too concentrated and the power of employees too diffused; his remedy was to strengthen the labor movement. He found industrial production almost paralyzed, and his goal was to resume maximum productivity.

Today none of these problems retains much significance. The lower-income brackets have been raised immensely; the value of the dollar has ceased to console the creditor class; the leaders of organized labor have become the "new men of power"; and our gross national product has continued to soar. The trouble is that these accomplishments have created new problems or at least ceased to meet new problems as they arise. The improvement of our private income as individuals has not saved us from social deterioration in certain public areas to which inadequate funds and inadequate controls are applied: for instance, the spread of slums, the blight of the cities, the wastage of suburban areas in sprawling and uncoordinated subdivisions, the chaos of the national transportation system, and, not least, the inadequacy of our public education. The devaluation of the dollar has long since ceased to be a desideratum in a situation where inflation hurts the weak more than the strong, and where, as Galbraith says, "the bogy of inflation has now replaced the bogy of Socialism as the barrier to enlarged and improved public services."

The gargantuanism of our GNP has not prevented the Russians from out-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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FICTION

Postwar Interlude in Paris

"Some Other Time," by Hollis Alpert *(Knopf. 275 pp. $3.75), tells of American officers in Paris during that bewildering time of liberation after the Second World War. Columbia Broadcasting System news commentator Ned Calmer, who wrote "Strange Land," is the author of a forthcoming novel about Americans abroad.*

By Ned Calmer

READABLE from the first page to the last, Hollis Alpert's novel about Americans in Paris just after the war recreates that curious period with high fidelity. It was a time of exhaustion, uncertainty, and self-abandonment. The queen of cities was slowly recovering her poise, her people just beginning to emerge from the nightmare of the Occupation. And the leftover Americans, their Army service waning as the conquerors pulled up stakes and gradually demobilized, found themselves between two lives, suspended between past and future in a foreign land.

Mr. Alpert focuses his story on four young officers reluctant to make the decision to go home and caught by the charm, mostly feminine, of their associations. His narrator, Robert Mackay, called Mac, returns from a bleak tour of duty in Germany to rejoin three chums attached to one of the last Intelligence units left in what had been the vast organization of SHAEF. He also rejoins his girl, a White Russian beauty named Olivia. Sebastian and Frank have girls, too. Alan doesn't seem to need one. But almost at once Sebastian's life is complicated by the arrival of his American ex-fiancée, India, who, to his embarrassment, insists on becoming part of the group.

The stage is thus set for a tangle of romances, played out against a background of cafés, bars, night clubs, and hotel bedrooms. Sebastian's trim mistress, Ginette, keeps him expensively occupied, while Mac is alternately fascinated and baffled by the elusive Olivia, and is holding hands with India between times. A black-marketing scandal and certain revelations about the past bring matters to a head, and our four lieutenants come face to face with themselves at last. A shocked and disillusioned Frank goes home. Mac ends up with India and a pair of tickets back to married bliss in the New York suburbs. But Sebastian will stay on, stubbornly, with his Ginette, which writes a finis for his friend Alan, who turns out to have been in love with Sebastian all along.

"Some Other Time" has a quality rare among American novels. With its cool detachment, civilized point of view, and accurate, unalarmed statement of human frailty, it could have been written by a Frenchman. It is as casual and charming as a walk along the *quais.*

This novel is also full of wisdom, expounded with deceptive skill. The time was interim; the people were not very important; and there is no effort to build atmosphere or character into anything more than they were. For this reader, that is the author's best achievement. Hollis Alpert has written a beautifully controlled and perceptive novel that will add to the literature of Paris.

Hollis Alpert—"has written a beautifully controlled and perceptive novel."

Justice Down Georgia Way

"Walk Egypt," by Vinnie Williams *(Viking. 308 pp. $4.50), tells about a woman named Toy in the hill country of Georgia. Paul Darcy Boles, a short-story writer and novelist, wrote "Parton's Island" and the soon-to-be-published novel "Run Slowly, Horses."*

By Paul Darcy Boles

VINNIE WILLIAMS's first novel, "The Fruit Tramp," was strong and well-shaped, if a trifle too neat and conscious. This book, her second, is finer in purpose, scope, and accomplished ambition. Hundreds of routine novels lack its flaws; they also lack its wisdom.

The opening chapters try a little too hard, as if the author is desperately attempting to condense the life of the north Georgia mountains into a kind of regional thesaurus. Beyond this point the story begins to breathe by itself, gathering up precision, emotion, muscle, and depth. By the time we reach "Walk Egypt's" closing pages we are linked to Toy Crawford Bloodworth and her husband, Wick, in true sympathy.

And in the present case such sympathy represents a particular triumph. For, by any earthy measure, Toy is neither an approachable nor a simple woman. Not merely a "character" limited to the Georgia ridges, she resists easy pigeonholing, and takes on during the course of the story a fine aura of universal meaning. As a fawn-slim girl of thirteen, flighty as cloud-shadow, she discovers the body of her philandering father, Harl, dressed as a woman and shot to death. The trial of his murderer, its casual buffoonery and brutal effrontery, its ironic result, all strike deep wounds in Toy; these are acid chapters, like Daumier prints of "Justice" coming to life against dark hills. Her subsequent battle to escape the cold, angry, solid prison of what Alfred North Whitehead has called the "withness" of the self, expands into touching, haunted drama that gives this book its sustained power.

The blurb writer asserts that Miss Williams has "produced a novel that will in certain respects remind readers of the beloved books of Marjorie

(*Continued on page* 37)

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The Reader Gets His Innings

ONE of the least understood parts of a magazine's anatomy is its letters-to-the-editor section.

A clear case in point occurred recently when several distinguished Soviet writers on a tour of the United States visited the offices of *Saturday Review*. While they were talking through interpreters with the editorial staff, advance copies of the latest issue arrived from the printer. A copy was handed to each of the visitors, who began to leaf through the magazine, commenting and asking questions. One of the Soviet writers pointed to the page opposite the editorial and asked: "And what are these brief items?"

An editor of the magazine told him they were letters from readers.

"Do you print all the letters you receive?" the Russian asked.

He was told that it was possible to publish only a fraction. To print them all, it was explained, would require not just a page but an entire magazine several times the size of *SR*.

The Russian said he was curious to know on what basis letters were chosen for publication.

The editor explained that letters were selected in an effort to reflect as closely as possible the spectrum of readers' opinions about articles and reviews. Other letters were chosen because they illuminated an aspect of an article; still others because they offered interesting commentary; and some because they corrected misstatements.

Then the visitor asked, "Do you ever print letters that disagree with you?" There was a hint of a challenge in the question.

The editor called attention to one of the letters in the magazine and asked an interpreter to read it aloud in Russian. It was a stern, closely reasoned objection to an editorial that had appeared in an earlier issue. The visitor's question had apparently been answered to his satisfaction.

The phenomenon that was puzzling the Russian is one that is deeply rooted in the history of journalism in the English-speaking world. Indeed, in the English and American press letters to the editor are almost as old as magazines and newspapers themselves. During the earliest years of the periodical, men on both sides of the Atlantic gathered in coffeehouses and taverns to debate ideas and policies they read about for the first time in journals or newsletters. By the early eighteenth century communications from readers—sometimes genuine, sometimes slyly fabricated by the editor to argue a point of view—were a staple in many of these publications. Later, a few heroically tough-skinned editors began to make room for uninhibited expressions of argument and dissent from their readers. And today, of course, few publications go to press without their quota of letters to the editor.

HOW can one account for the continuing appeal of these letters? Why, amid journalism's shifts and changes during the last two centuries, amid the awesome variety of modern publications, has the letter to the editor remained one of the few constant factors?

One reason, editors will tell you, lies in the fact that the volume of mail following each issue is a fairly accurate guide to that issue's impact on its readers. If the magazine has been read with attentive interest, the mail is likely to be heavy; if not, it will probably be light. By regularly printing a selection of letters, therefore, a magazine hopes to prompt its readers to continue writing, and in that way to keep its reader-interest gauge in working order. An editor quietly rejoices when letters are more numerous than usual, worries and chews fretfully on his copy pencil when they are fewer. Like other people, he wants to know how he's doing.

But there is an even more important reason for a magazine to print letters, and for its readers to write them. In discussing the influence of the press in "Magazines in the United States," James Playsted Wood comments on an aspect of journalism that has unquestionably helped shape the conscience of every great American editor:

> For over 200 years American magazines have disseminated information and opinion. They have reported, commented, advised, entertained . . . they have influenced both the life of the nation and the lives of millions of individuals . . . magazines have affected American social, political, and economic thought. They have made their influence felt in government, commerce, and industry. They have stimulated the minds and imaginations of American readers, formed many of their ideas, affected their actions, fashioned their ethical and social concepts. . . .

This is the background against which magazines in a democratic society are published and read. Responsible editors, aware of the powerful forces they deal with, and recognizing that the maintenance of a vigorous democracy depends on communication between its members, have provided the machinery for a significant dialogue between magazine and reader. The editor hopes readers will talk back; he's happiest when a good discussion or a lively scrap is going on. The reason is that in this dialogue it is not only the reader whose ideas and opinions are influenced. The magazine, by being forced to keep on its toes as it listens to the minds it addresses, is also affected. This is why letters to the editor in the American press constitute a valuable avenue of communication. For each letter, wise or witty, critical or complimentary, is studied with care and respect; and each one, whether published or not, has a potential impact on the world the magazine and its ideas reach.

In a world in which the carrying power of the individual voice sometimes seems to be growing weaker and more insignificant, the man at his typewriter or with pen in hand can still have his innings.

—J. F. F.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

CHEMICALS AND CONSCIENCE

I CONGRATULATE *SR* on the review of the past and possible future of chemical and biological weapons [*SR*, July 23]. I agree with the dominant theme: that the means of delivering mass death is academic, that what is necessary is that the "American people will put at least as much thrust into the struggle for peace as they have into the new techniques of war."

It is for that reason that I have introduced a bill to create a National Peace Agency that would mobilize research into the technology of disarmament, the economics of reconversion to peace, and the legal and political structures required for the protection of peace. The Peace Agency, as I envision it, would also train and foster a sort of "Peace Service," to fan out across the world assigned tasks to guarantee peace, as our public health service acts in this country to control disease.

This interest in peace as a whole, however, must not blind us to any possibility of increasing international confidence piecemeal by reversing the exponential curve toward weapons of more and more terrible mien. Not because it is more deadly, but because it is less securely established in national arsenals, CBR lends itself to the hope of reversing the trend that has brought us from the flung stone to the Bomb.

Knowledge of possible means of enforcing a CBR disarmament agreement is almost nil; in fact, this is one problem a peace agency should explore. I therefore believe that in the interim, while means of disarmament are being searched out, CBR should be kept in its present status as a semi-pariah, universally and publicly picketed for second use only.

Americans do not have a chance to decide democratically what they want done with the atomic bomb. They do have a chance with CBR, but only if they act quickly, before these weapons become firmly established as are nuclear weapons. That is why I regard passage of House Concurrent Resolution 433, the no-first-use resolution, as imperative.

ROBERT W. KASTENMEIER,
House of Representatives.

Washington, D.C.

AS A COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR, I plan to read "CBR vs. Man" to each of my new classes in September. Some may consider chemical warfare irrelevant to first-year French, but it seems to me relevant to everything and to everyone alive.

JUNE KRAMER,
Saint Mary's College.

Notre Dame, Ind.

THE ARTICLE "CBR vs. Man" was the best presentation of this problem I have read to date. If *SR* plans to provide reprints I would like to send them to 100 acquaintances.

Perhaps a campaign should be started by *SR* readers to bring this article to the attention of every United States citizen—and how about those of Russia, too?

ALAN V. DODGE.

Glen Cove, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Reprints of "CBR vs. Man" are available from SR at the following prices: 1 to 25 copies, 15 cents each; 26 to 500 copies, 10 cents each; 501 to 1,000 copies, 6 cents each; over 1,000 copies, 5 cents each.*

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Instead of this return trip to the new world, why don't we just raid Paris again?"

HOSANNAS AND HOWLS

JOHN STEINBECK'S "Atque Vale" [*SR*, July 23] is the best thing I have read on this subject. I wish it could reach millions of people all over the world. It would be helpful to our country if it could be known that there are articulate, sound people in America who differ with the popular notion of our race attitudes and have the insight to grasp what Mr. Steinbeck has seen and so well expressed. *SR* has done a real service in publishing this piece.

NANCY BARTLETT LAUGHLIN.

Spring Valley, N. Y.

MUCH THAT John Steinbeck says in "Atque Vale" is true, but some of it is sheer nonsense and hypocrisy.

Everyone knows, and even Negro leaders have often admitted, that Negro crime is quite disproportionate to the numbers of Negroes living in this country. We may speculate as to causes, but the statistics remain, and Mr. Steinbeck cannot legitimately dismiss them.

I might add that Mr. Steinbeck's remarks are symptomatic of the Negrolatry currently prevalent. It is my own opinion that we will do better to admit all of the facts into evidence, and that we will do the Negro greater justice by recognizing his vices along with his virtues than by attempting to deify him.

R. E. L. MASTERS.

Springdale, Ark.

JOHN STEINBECK'S article was the most blatant example of pure hogwash I have encountered in twenty-five years of serious reading.

SAMUEL W. COOK.

Philadelphia, Pa.

I WAS SHOCKED and disgusted by John Steinbeck's article. Cancel my subscription.

J. WADE.

Long Beach, Calif.

I'M GLAD *SR* had the guts to print the Steinbeck piece.

BELINDA JELLIFFE.

Butler, N. J.

ONE-TWO-THREE PUNCH

RARELY DOES a copy of any periodical have such a concentrated punch as *SR*'s July 23 issue. The articles "CBR vs. Man," "Atque Vale," and "The Twentieth-Century da Vinci" strengthen the hope that there is a body of ardent souls who think, feel, and breathe in our clouded atmosphere. The attitudes and ideas presented should be a great help in firming our resolve to examine our relationships to God and man at the local, national, and world levels.

HAROLD GRUNEWALD.

Evanston, Ill.

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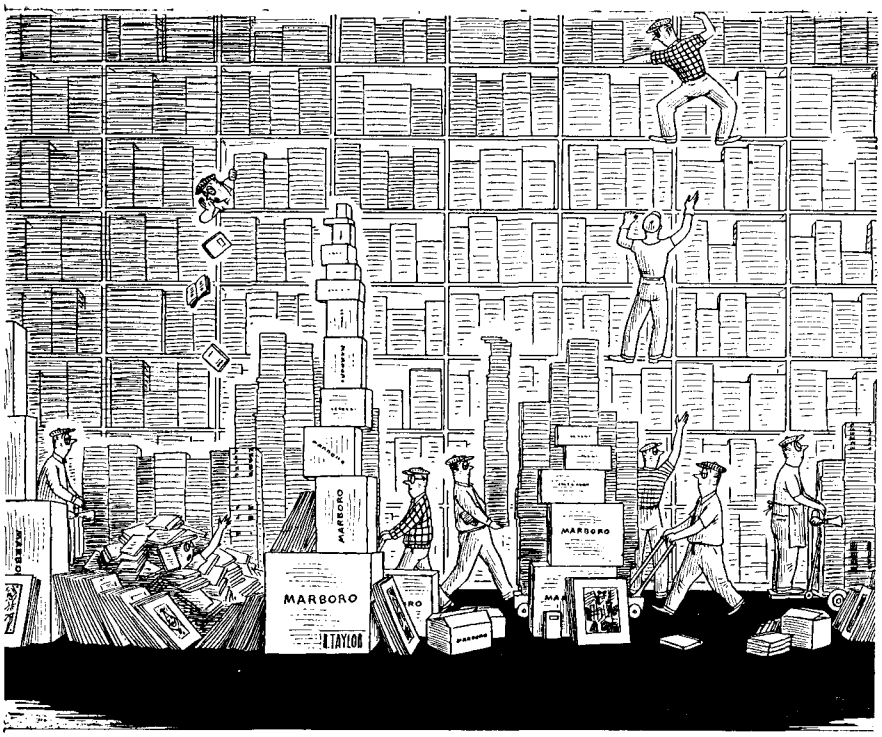

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Visit to a Ghost Town

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

THE SIDEWALKS of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, in the very heart of Hollywood, have been torn apart in recent months. New pavement is going down, bearing the names of the greats and near-greats of movieland's past. Charlie Chaplin's name will not be among them. Symbolically, Chaplin himself is thousands of miles away, an exile from the industry he helped bring to greatness. Less symbolically, so are many of Hollywood's leading producers, directors, and writers—voluntary exiles from a way of film-making, a way of life that, for them, has become outmoded. Hollywood today seems very much like the streets at its center, torn up, turning toward the past for some assurance of a future.

The truth is that Hollywood has become in the most literal sense a ghost town. The major studios, once hives of activity, are all but deserted, and the corporal's guard that remains is more than likely working on TV films. Warner Brothers, with twenty-two huge stages, currently has only two films shooting on the lot. The vast commissaries at Twentieth Century-Fox and Paramount have dozens of empty tables each noontime. On the third floor of the Irving Thalberg Building, the powerhouse of M-G-M, almost half the offices stand empty. Other studios reflect the same degree of inactivity.

Fortunately, television films are being made in Hollywood. TV has taken up the slack, so that there is no dire problem of unemployment. People are eating. But they are working for Desilu and the dozens of other smaller studios that have been opened specifically to service the private eyes and Western gunmen and underwater heroes who now dominate the small screen. As one director said recently, "We have a wonderful instrument here. Technically, our studios are marvelously equipped, and our technicians are the best in the world. But these TV films—it's using a Stradivarius to play ragtime!"

Some of the superb equipment on the major lots has also been converted, or subverted, to television. Warner's currently has at least half a dozen TV series in the works, with "The Roaring Twenties" slated for the fall season. Universal has been taken over by MCA's Revue Productions, and independent film producers may lease stages from the agency. Both Fox and M-G-M, the industry's largest hold-outs, have succumbed at last to the dollar bills waved by the networks. Watching a TV film being shot, however, in contrast to a feature, is like comparing a mongrel dog to a thoroughbred. The TV show is rushed through in six days. The feature is surrounded with all the care and attention to detail that have traditionally made Hollywood's films, technically at least, the finest in the world.

Why then the empty stages? At least part of the explanation is to be found in the fact that the American studios today are producing fewer films. Last year there were only 224 pictures released by American firms, including many that were actually made abroad. To date, only sixty new films have been started here, as opposed to eighty at this time last year. Apologists for the industry explain that the actors' and writers' strike is responsible for this situation; they neglect to add that, even so, the number of releases has been steadily dwindling since 1950.

BUT this is only part of the story. Warner Brothers has only two pictures on the lot, but they have another finishing up in Connecticut, another out in Utah, and still another in New York. Columbia has a film in Greece, United Artists one in Israel, Paramount one that was shot in Hong Kong and London.

With increasing frequency, and often with deep sighs of relief, the directors are moving their pictures away from movietown. They want to escape the supervision of executives who are more concerned with account ledgers than with films. And they want to escape the closed-circuit system of big-studio production that, many of them feel, helped bring the industry to its present state of dwindling attendance and dwindling theatres.

"There is something lost working here in Hollywood," Fred Zinnemann told me the other afternoon. Gazing from his window at row on row of unused sound stages, he added, "For years we made neat little stories about improbable people—handsome young millionaires and beautiful shop girls. Everything was sealed off from any contact with reality. But reality is the life-blood of the movies.

"I have just finished a picture about Australians, 'The Sundowners.' I could have shot it here. Our West looks enough like Australia to get away with it. But I knew that if we made it here, even the interiors, it would come out another Western, without those subtle distinctions that make us at once so like and so different from the Australians. So I insisted that we shoot it in Australia, and the studio agreed.

"Once you go on location," Zinnemann continued, "wonderful things begin to happen, things that you would never find if you were working in the rigidly controlled situation of a studio. For example, in the film we have a scene in which Deborah Kerr, after months of knocking around in the bush country, suddenly sees a pretty girl making up her face at a railway station. It makes Deborah conscious of her own lack of lipstick and pretty clothes, and her desire for them. I find it a very effective moment. But it wasn't in the script. It happened because we were shooting on location, where life can enter into your story through every door. I feel very fortunate that I have been able to do so much of my work away from the studios."

Other directors, like Elia Kazan and Sidney Lumet, declare that they prefer to make their films outside of Hollywood because they like the stimulation of New York (or London, or Paris, or Rome). The United States, these men point out, is the only country where the center of film production is 3,000 miles away from the theatrical and cultural centers. They are quite happy to trade the technical perfection of Hollywood for the cultural climate they find in New York, or on the Continent.

For less sensitive souls, the Continent holds out other inducements. There are "deals" to be made—productions underwritten wholly or in part by government subsidy, or paid for out of blocked currency, with readier access to the screens of the co-producing nations than if the film were to emanate directly from Hollywood. The lure of cheaper labor, without the restrictions and "featherbedding" of the Hollywood unions, is another inducement.

Meanwhile, the sound stages stand idle. "Don't sell Hollywood short," cries Jerry Wald, the most prolific producer in town. "You'll see, production will be coming back." The signs are not apparent. The instrument, the Stradivarius, is there waiting to be picked up, but the artists are fiddling in other lands. Some want more favorable economic terms, others greater creative freedom, and others a more exciting environment for creation. Until the industry can begin to provide these, however, it seems destined to remain like the sidewalks of Hollywood and Vine under the hot mid-August sun—an impediment to present-day traffic, a half-finished monument to a glory that has passed.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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TV AND RADIO

The Limits of Balance

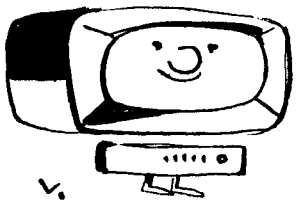
SOME TIME ago I set out in this space a principle for which I made the modest claim that it would alter the basic concepts of broadcasting as now held by network operators, the FCC, and the critics. Since then I have discovered that, starting from different premises, Professor Sidney Head, of the University of Miami, arrived at and published the same conclusions several months before my piece appeared.

I am sure that Sidney Head is as little concerned with mere priority as I am, but it gives me pleasure to acknowledge and to report on his theme, which, under the title "One Medium, Unique and Indivisible," appeared in *Television* magazine last February. His approach is humanistic and moral, while mine was rather drily legalistic. But both of us want the industry to recognize one fact. For Head, it is that "the term 'public service' applies to broadcasting as a whole, not to one particular type of program. The totality of a station's transmissions constitute its 'public service.'" He objects to using the quoted words as a designation for a minority of programs of a specific kind and points out the danger: broadcasters and public alike may come to feel that "the conscience and the responsibility of the medium are confined primarily" to this one type.

My own approach began with the law under which the FCC, and consequently the broadcasters, operate. The decisive phrase in the law is "the public interest," and my point was that the law does not require the broadcasters to transmit a specific number of programs in the public interest or to devote to the public interest a specific percentage of their total time. The law simply says that whoever receives a license to use a frequency must operate (without reservation or condition of any kind) with due regard for the public interest. In my translation this means that you cannot make up for half an hour of broadcasting which is not in the public interest by half an hour (or even five hours) in the public interest. It means that every single moment of every single hour must conform to the basic law. In Head's terms, "No program material can be considered devoid of consequences."

Either way, this seems to impose a lofty and rigid standard. The escape-hatch for the broadcasters is adequate: variety and range are themselves positive values; they are in the public interest. The broadcasters would betray the public good if they transmitted only classical music and sermons and mathematical demonstrations. They would not serve the public, which instinctively turns away from the highbrow (as many Britons turned away from the famous Third Program), unless they put on Westerns and mysteries and quizzes. A balanced diet, a balanced budget, are required and it is also useful to put on an attractive play of a lower order of intelligence as an introduction to the higher order.

But the escape is not total, because "in the public interest," having reference to the totality, inevitably has reference to the proportions within the whole. The question is not only "how



good is this program," but also "how much time, how much of the best listening time, do you devote to programs in one category, how much to the other?" Not only "how many existing interests do you satisfy?" but also "how many latent interests do you arouse?"

Neither Head nor I offer a mathematical formula. We offer a general principle which has some practical consequences. We are saying that the broadcasters cannot expiate a crime by contributing to the support of Sunday schools and we are also saying that they are more significant and influential than they are willing to admit.

Broadcasters have been troubled recently by the various demands for "equal time to reply," by their obligations under the law to maintain an open forum. They have somehow transferred this mathematical problem to areas in which it cannot operate. They have escaped the grim necessity of thinking out their principles because the sheer superficial variety of their offerings has satisfied so large a segment of the public. It is a hard truth that this is not the same thing as serving the interest of the public as a whole.

—GILBERT SELDES.

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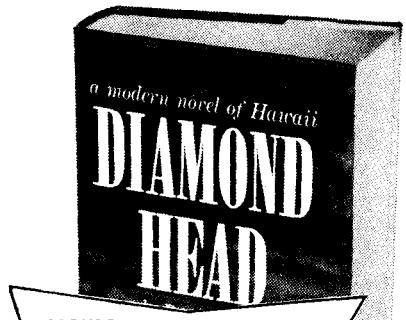

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Sweet Sounds in Santiago

SANTIAGO, CHILE.

MUSICAL life in this busy metropolis begins promptly at 8:00 A.M. outdoors, not with a local version of the "Augarten" concerts on the Prater which flourished in the Vienna of Beethoven's day, but with a ruffle of drums and a smart show of military brass as the detail changes at the Presidential Palace. A political rather than cultural function, it becomes a part of the record when a critical visitor happens to be housed at the Hotel Carrera, across the square. (I wonder if it wakes up President Jorge Alessandri too.)

There is likely to be some formal indoor music on every day of this winter season, as two orchestras, two dance groups, visiting artists, and chamber music ensembles give the Santiaginos a steady round of activity. Apparently there is not only rivalry but competition between two contesting elements: the state-supported Instituto de Extensión Musical of the University of Chile, which established the Orquesta Sinfónica in 1939 and the Ballet Nacional Chileno at the end of the war; and the municipal government, which sponsors the newer Filarmónica and the Ballet de Arte Moderno.

By one of those circumstances which are inexplicable to the outsider, both orchestras perform not only on the same days but at the same hour—Fridays at 7:00 (deemed an "afternoon" event here) with a repetition at lower prices on Sunday at 11:00. By an even stranger circumstance, both were heavily involved with Polish musicians this same week—Stanislav Skrowaczewski, who takes over the Minneapolis Symphony from Dorati next fall, and Witold Malcuzynski, an ever-larger figure among contemporary piano virtuosi.

However, they were truly Poles apart, for Skrowaczewski was conducting the Sinfónica in the Astor Theatre, and Malcuzynski was performing with the Filharmónica in the Teatro Municipal. At first thought, it would seem a major problem in semantics for a Polish conductor to communicate with a Spanish orchestra, but many of the latter derive from European backgrounds, and almost all have the second "musical" language (Italian *cum* German) along with English or French. In any case, Skrowaczewski succeeded well in shaping the A major (No. 29) Symphony of Mozart and the second "Romeo and Juliet" suite of Prokofiev to expressive ends. The subterranean Astor has a spacious downstairs and an intimate balcony, with a well-planned shell of wood paneling to enhance musical results when it is not showing "La Hora Final" ("On the Beach").

Skrowaczewski's audience filled perhaps two-thirds of the theatre. They listened attentively, with no applause between movements, but a hearty response at the end. He used no score for either work, and occasionally lapsed into a flattering absence of right-hand movement to show how well the orchestra could play without him. For these and other showmanly touches he was well repaid, in attention and applause. The orchestra has good depth in able personnel, especially in strings. The solo winds are also good, though a little weak where the requirement of Prokofiev is for concert saxophones—hardly the national instrument of the Chileans.

MEANWHILE, back at the Teatro Municipal, Malcuzynski was giving a houseful of piano fanciers a broad lesson in strong mechanics, sure artistry, projection. The old but beautifully maintained Teatro Municipal (built in 1857 under the guidance of the celebrated Chilean statesman Benjamín Vicuña Mackenna) is a cheerful study in ivory and gold, with red seats in rich contrast. It provided a perfect frame for Malcuzynski's nineteenth-century personality posture and for his apt address to the relevant literature. He carried the uneven orchestra directed by Jean Matteucci to a resounding conclusion of the Second Liszt Piano Concerto, which had the audience (especially the topside students) cheering. After a bit of coquetting with raised and lowered lights, entrances and exits, he played an encore (a Chopin nocturne) in tribtue to the presence of President Jorge Alessandri.

Something of a similar schism divides the dance activity—the University Extensión-sponsored Ballet Chileno performs in another movie house (the Victoria), the newer Ballet de Arte Moderno in the Teatro Municipal. In terms of what was seen this week, the advantage is with the latter, which offered a Fokine-Tudor-Massine-oriented program under the direction of Octavio Cintolesi, a Chilean, while the Chileno was busy with "Drosselbart," staged by its director, Ernest Uthoff (who is well remembered as the "Standard Bearer" of "The Green Table" in his Ballets Jooss days).

In Irena Molivan, the BAM possesses a supple young ballerina whose derivation from Zagreb doubtless relates to time spent there by Cintolesi during his European years. She was equally conspicuous in a treatment of "Las Sílfides" (by Nicholas Beriozoff), Cintolesi's "Pasión," and "Canciónes de Francia," by Roger Fenonjois (of Lima). Her strong command of a slender, well-disciplined body should be a profitable example on which the younger, less experienced Chilean dancers (principals and corps) can model themselves.

Both unfamiliar works had a share of interest: Cintolesi's for its admirable if inconclusive action to Elgar's "Introduction and Allegro" for strings, in which a fleeting girl-meets-boy romance is worked over, but not out (in a Tudor vein); Fenonjois's for its amusing illustration, in a contemporary spirit of irony, of such songs as "Au clair de la lune" and "Sur le pont d'Avignon." Lucien Mora's musical treatment for the latter provided a jazzy variant for each folk statement, in apt support of the choreographic concept. Simple but imaginative scenery and attractive costuming showed that whatever the present limits of the company's technical resources, it has a valuable fund of invention at its disposal.

Uthoff's effort, on the other hand, looks back more than a little to the Jooss blend of theatre and dance—on this occasion better theatre than dance. Whether called "Drosselbart" or "The Beggar Prince" or "El Príncipe Mendigo," its six sections to music of Mozart (divertimenti, serenades, etc.) ask more subtlety than the group currently offers. But Uthoff is apparently a stimulating force in this artistic community, having created the ballet from the bottom, postwar, and developed numerous Chilean performers, including Cintolesi.

"STIMULATING" is a word suitable to Santiago generally, where a busy commercial and governmental life is carried on in European fashion. A topcoat is comforting in the early morning and the evening hours, but when the mist lifts in between to show the towering Andes like white cloud banks behind a nearby office building, the afternoons can be mild and sunny. A few days here are sufficient to foster a healthy respect for a civilized way of life that provides not only abundant work and a broad range of produce (the shops offer everything from cheap vino to not-so-cheap vicuña), but plentiful nourishment for the spirit also.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

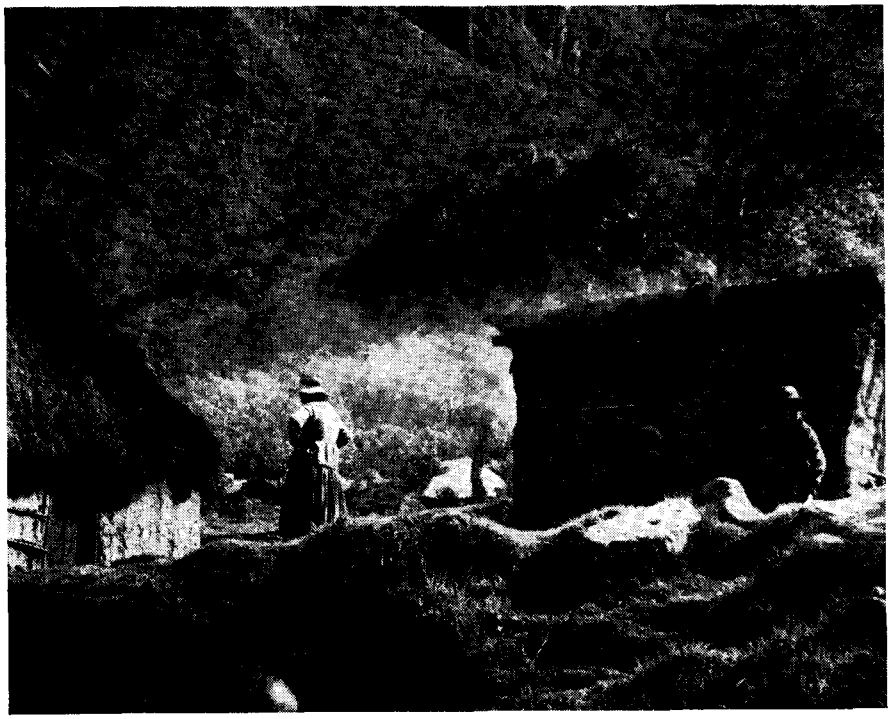
The High Life

IN THE early winter after the solstice late in June, the mornings in the highlands of Peru are as chilly as a November football Saturday in New Haven, and you wrap tweeds around you and think of how people are sweating in New York. That was how it was when I drove down from the tourist hotel in the dramatic Urubamba Valley to the lonely little railroad station at Pachar a few weeks ago to wait for the *autocarril*, the motorcar on tracks that covers the distance from Cuzco to Machu Piccu, the great mountain domain of the Incas which the Spaniards never found. It was so early and the sheltering mountains were so high that the sun had still not coaxed the red out of the earth, and a young Indian boy who had no shoes and had never been out of the valley sat huddled in his poncho and waited for the warmth.

Pachar is called Pachar on the maps, if you've got a good one, but it is "the windy doorway" to the Indians. The depot is operated by a lady who worked with cheerful verve within the tired wood walls coated with posters of Switzerland. Many tourists come through, she told some waiting Americans with whom she bantered in Spanish, and only recently she had herself donned her ceremonial costume, handed down from the Incas and embellished by the Spanish colonials, to be photographed with a visiting North American lady. At that, she rummaged in a drawer and came up with a color photograph that showed madame of the depot and a number of other similarly dressed Indians surrounding the tourist from the U. S. "The *norteamericano* is in the middle," said the Indian lady by way of positive identification.

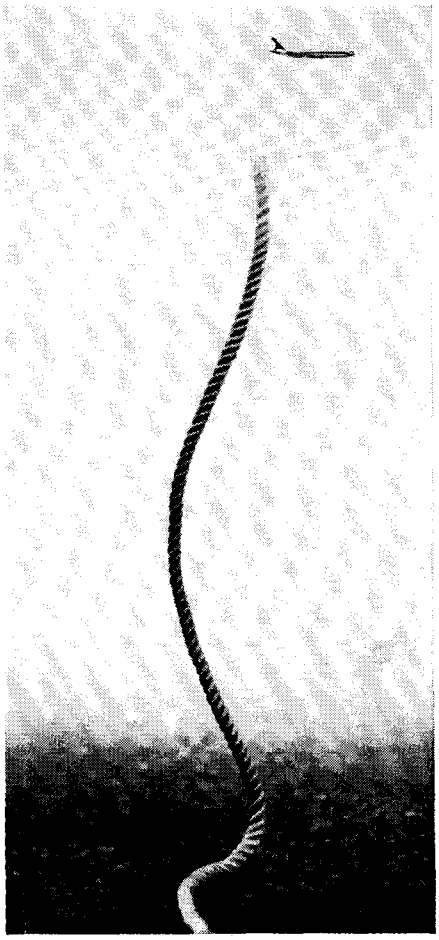
Soon the square steel car came hustling over the tracks, pausing only long enough at Pachar to pick up passengers. Then it was off again, rolling alongside the Vilcanota River, sometimes also called the Urubamba, which tumbles along the crease in the valley. There were cornfields to pass, and brilliant bouquets of yellow flowers called *retama*, and sprays of yucca, blue-green and cold. There were tall eucalyptus with the bark molting like a snakeskin, and young eucalyptus as deep blue and as green as a Bahamian shoal.

Little seats that ride a cable are stretched over the river that froths white from its headlong flight toward the Amazon and on to the Atlantic. Far in the distance and out of the mist come the white Andes, part of the backbone that runs from Tierra del Fuego up through South America, tip-



—*H.S.*

"The windy doorway"—the road from Cuzco to Machu Picchu.



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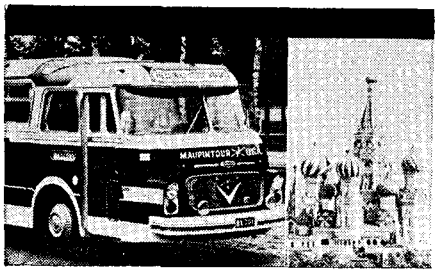

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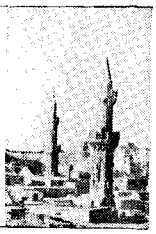

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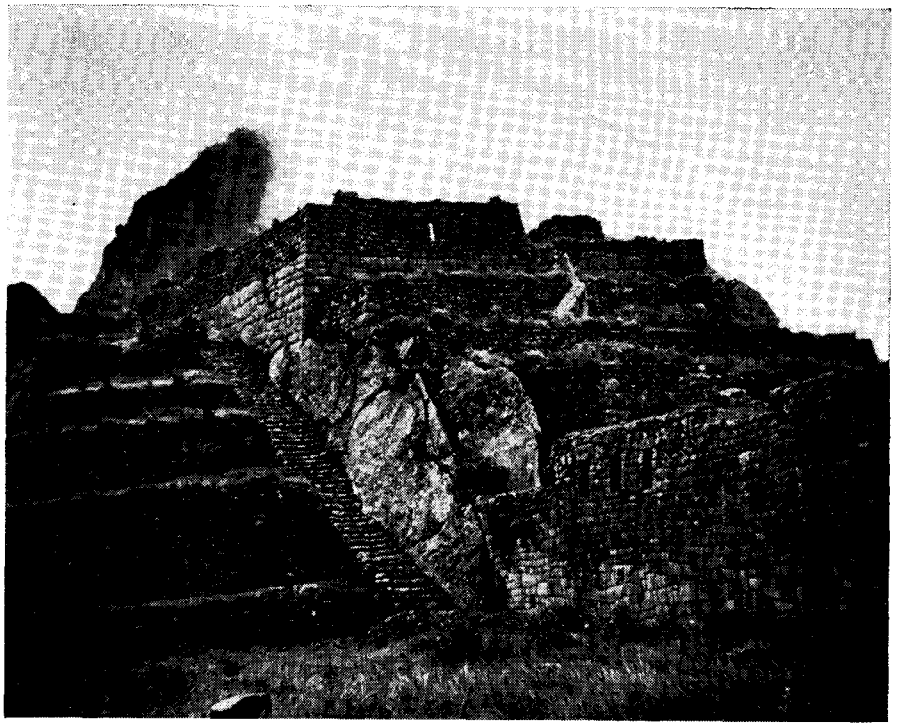

—*Panagra.*

Machu Picchu—"old mountain," the grandest, the most incredible of all.

toeing across Panama and then marching through North America clear to Alaska. The the train stops again and the passengers get out and crane their necks to see the remains of Ollantaytambo, first of the Inca ruins. This one is a mountain fortress with ramparts made of blocks twelve feet high, strong enough to have repelled the attack of Hernando Pizarro in 1536. But it repelled other tribes as well as it did the Spaniards, for the Incas were conquerors and were not popular with the people they conquered.

In the so-called Secret Valley of the Incas, Ollantaytambo is the first of many ruins, most of them stuck on incredible crags high above the river. They bear such names as Inty-Pata, which means "sunny slope"; Huiñay-Huayna, "the ever-young"; Phuyu-Pata-Marca, "town-above-the-clouds"; and Sayac-Marca, "inaccessible town."

The one place about which the Spaniards left no report was Machu Picchu, which means "old mountain." Machu Picchu was the grandest, the most incredible of all, and the Spaniards never reached it. Today, through the courtesy of a Yale professor and the Peruvian Government, Machu Picchu, certainly one of the world's great wonders, is open to anyone willing to come to Peru. With Panagra now flying an overnight jet service as far as Lima, and Faucett flying the oxygen route in DC-3s and DC-4s as far as Cuzco, there then remains the ride on the *autocarril* which stops just below the mountain city. Visitors must then cross a bridge over the Vilcanota and finally board buses and trucks for an eye-popping ride over a maze of switchbacks called the Hiram Bingham Highway, rising 1,500 feet above the tracks and the river to the mountaintop site of the city. No metropolis ever had a more incredible location. The eye sweeps out across the southeastern slopes of the Peruvian mountains, to Huayna Picchu across a saddle and to Media Naranja, which means "half-an-orange," even though it looks more like half a watermelon.

Terraces rise trim and neat and carpeted in grass. The early system prevented erosion and provided a narrow but workable area for growing corn and potatoes. Adjoining the terraces are the great buildings used for dwellings and for worship. The baths still stand with their intricate system for bringing in the water from the mountain spring, now diverted to feed the hotel that the Peruvian Government has planted alongside the ruins. With its cheery terrace hanging over such a precipitous drop, the inn is reminiscent of nothing so much as a Swiss way station along the Alpine route of a chair lift.

The Incas, who hadn't yet mastered the curved arch, built their spans in trapezoids. But they hacked away at solid blocks of granite with bronze and copper tools, carved a seven-step stairway out of one massive chunk. They carved niches in their walls in which to place idols and gods, and they mummified their dead and buried them in the fetal position in their best clothes. Then they covered the corpse with straw and finally with llama skins, and brought food and the earthly belong-

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ings of the deceased and buried these things with them. The Temple of the Sun God rests on a natural foundation of rock, but underneath was the mausoleum where Machu Picchu's dead were found. There is no evidence that humans were sacrificed, although llamas, alpacas, and guinea pigs were offered to the deities. Of the bones found at Machu Picchu, three-quarters were those of women, leading to the supposition that the mountain fastness was a refuge for the vestal virgins, to keep them safe from the conquering Spaniards.

On the highest point of Machu Picchu, the Incas planted a sundial, and from the length and shape of the shadows they could tell not only the time of day, but also the season. So the Inca, the head of the nation, could easily divine the time of the solstice when the sun is at its nadir and the day is the shortest of the year, the time of the Inti Raymi (*SR*, Aug. 6). Looking over the back of the city toward the northwest where the railroad disappears, the narrow gorge opens to a wide valley where tea planters pick nine crops a year. Then, another fifty miles distant, the jungle begins and the Urubamba at last joins the Amazon for the run into the Atlantic.

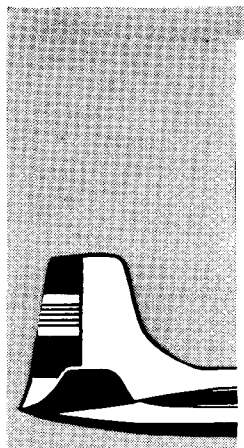
Toward the southeast, the sharp-eyed visitor can make out the faint trail that first brought Hiram Bingham, the Yale professor who discovered Machu Picchu, to the top. That adventure reached its climax early on the morning of July 24, 1911, when Bingham, then thirty-five, followed an Indian named Melchor Arteaga, who had told him of a lost Inca city that existed in the saddle of two mountains called Machu Picchu and Huayna Picchu. Bingham, who had a Ph.D. from Harvard, wanted to teach South American history, and went south to study the campaigns of Simon Bolívar. There he met Elihu Root, who selected him to represent the U. S. at a scientific congress in Chile in 1908. Bingham carried with him a long-cherished memory of a picture of an Inca bridge he had seen in a turn-of-the-century travel book. (Victor von Hagen, in his works on South America, alludes to the bridge as the same one that became Thornton Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey.") Bingham thereafter set off on many searches in quest of the hiding place to which the Incas fled after the Spanish conquest of Peru. All of his expeditions had been fruitless, but that July morning in 1911 he found Machu Picchu. The discovery electrified the scientific world and has been thrilling tourists ever since. Last year 12,000 found their tortuous way to the top.

The discovery of Machu Picchu led the way to considerable speculation

and to more discoveries. A second city was discovered just across the saddle on Huayna Picchu, available to anyone who wants to risk the climb. Bingham organized four other expeditions sponsored by Yale and the National Geographic Society. A score of cities were uncovered. In 1940 a European expedition found four more Inca citadels south of here, all of them connected by a six-yard-wide cobble-covered Inca road.

What made the Incas pick this crag in the altitudes on which to build a city, Hagen asks. What was it for and when was it built? Since neither the Incas nor the Spaniards have ever mentioned it, there can only be guesses. Bingham believed it was the earliest city of the Incas. He thinks it was called Tampu Tocco and "that here was the capital of the little kingdom where during the centuries—possibly eight or ten—between the Amatutas and the Incas there were kept alive the wisdom, skill, and best traditions of the ancient folk who had developed the civilization of Peru . . ." If one begins with nearby Cuzco, which was built about 1150 A.D. and which was the capital of the Inca empire, the conquests spread in all directions until by the fifteenth century the Incas were in command of a great empire that stretched from Colombia to Chile. Although Cuzco, the capital, was secure in a lofty perch at 10,000 feet, there was comparatively easy access from the open valley that led from the Amazon. To protect the capital from the savage poison-arrow-armed Antis, the Incas built a chain of fortifications along the Urubamba. When the river went into the gorge there was no room to build on the banks, so the engineers moved into the heights. Strongest, largest, and most impressive of all was Machu Picchu. Now as jets, new hotels, and old color and customs force the emergence of Peru as the prime touristland of the continent, Machu Picchu emerges as perhaps the prime attraction of the hemisphere.

—Horace Sutton.



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The Constant Esthete

"Berenson: A Biography," by Sylvia Sprigge *(Houghton Mifflin. 287 pp. $5), and* ***"The Passionate Sightseer," by Bernard Berenson*** *(Simon & Schuster and Harry N. Abrams. 200 pp. $10), offer two views of the "sage of Settignano." Alfred Werner has edited writings of da Vinci, Vasari, and Duerer. Like the Renaissance scholar, Dr. Werner is himself widely traveled.*

By Alfred Werner

SYLVIA SPRIGGE, who had the good fortune of observing Bernard Berenson's magnificent headquarters, I Tatti, on innumerable occasions, gives in her assiduously compiled biography what seems to be a rather accurate surface description of the man and his fabulous surroundings (though, astonishingly, she is well-nigh silent about the connoisseur's vast private collection of masterpieces, while informing us in great detail about mansion and garden). One must be grateful to her for having dug up documents of the 1880s and 1890s, for having faithfully recorded her conversations with B. B., as well as with members of his family and personal friends, and for having made good use of a biographical manuscript of the learned Mrs. Berenson, still unfinished at the time of her death in May, 1945.

To complement the present volume, one of the art historians who studied with the great man during his last decades will have to provide us with "The Mind and Mastery of Bernard Berenson." Still, Miss Sprigge's book, gossipy though it is at times, and lacking as it is in form and design, makes fascinating reading. The first chapter, dealing with the Valvrojenskis (as the family was called before Bernard's father changed it to the simpler "Berenson"), is the weakest, for the Jewish Pale of Settlement in Czarist Russia to her is, of course, *terra incognita* (her description of the Hassidic sects is inaccurate, and Debussy was *not* born in the Pale). But the author resuscitates Bernard's boyhood in Boston, the large family's strained circumstances (the father took to the road as a peddler); the precocious youngster's reading, dreaming, and planning; and his ascent to scholastic honors during the excitement-fraught years at Harvard.

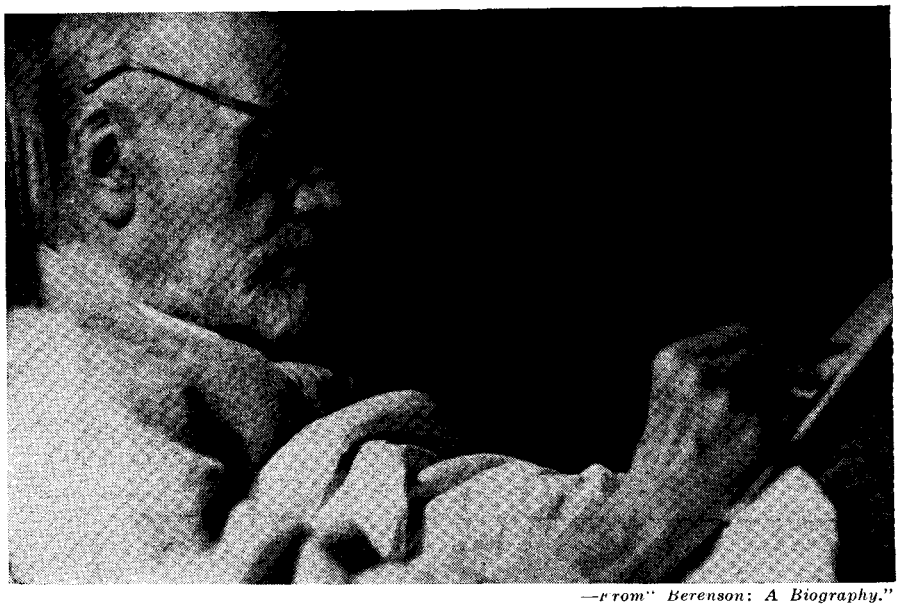
It is a success story. The Horatio Alger from Lithuania, who lived to the age of ninety-four years, after having eluded the Nazis in a most comfortable hide-out, published a number of brilliant texts and amassed a fortune by purchasing old masters for millionaires and authenticating paintings for the fabulous Duveen. However, he was far from thinking of himself as a total success. If Miss Sprigge cautiously refrained from delving deeply into the significant aspects of Berenson's contributions to esthetics and art history, she managed to extract from his writings, and from private conversations, the mixture of vast ambition, irrascibility, and moral dissatisfaction that are in sharp contrast to the general concept of B.B. as imperturbably benign and serene.

—From "The Passionate Sightseer."

Mosaic head of Neptune, Tripoli Museum.

At twenty-two, Berenson wrote in an application for a Harvard Traveling Scholarship (which he never got): "Few men sleep less and devote themselves to their true interests more than I do. . . . I feel that if I stay here longer I shall stagnate and lose my savor." Thanks to the generosity of several Bostonians, he was able to go to Europe, after all, but from there he wrote to his benefactress, the celebrated Mrs. Gardner: "I feel at times that I am falling to pieces, which is not a bad thing, if I only knew what new self would be reconstructed out of the pieces. . . . I sometimes fancy I'll die without having anything published." Fortunately, his pessimism was unfounded; yet after his first studies on Renaissance painters had appeared, Berenson was tempted to translate his enormous knowledge into big cash—and too weak to resist.

Many pages are devoted to the split in his personality, his life in two worlds: that of the scholar and that of the dealer; but the biographer extols too vigorously her hero's "integrity in matters of art" (she claims that he was incapable of making an attribution unless he was convinced). She records Mary Berenson's anguished outcry, "You cannot serve both God and Mammon," and quotes Mrs. Berenson as saying that at one time her husband was so upset by the fact that



—From "Berenson: A Biography."

Bernard Berenson writing in his morning diary, in 1955.

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he gave so little time to study and writing that he was willing to quit and settle in "some wild western place, where the connoisseurs cease from traveling and the critics are at rest." Yet he was never to attain this peaceful existence, and he was always on the go, even at ninety. He rarely returned to the U.S. and then only for brief visits, but he knew all of Western Europe, and every nook in Italy, some of whose cities he had first seen in 1888. To judge by the journal entries, now collected in "The Passionate Sightseer," the old gentleman was often upset by what he found replacing their erstwhile tranquillity and dignity, especially the inroads by modern architecture; he was annoyed by floodlighting, insensitive tourists, and "every kind of addition and vulgarity" disfiguring what in his youth he had found in a pristine state.

"The Passionate Sightseer" (which superbly illustrates in 171 striking plates towns, individual buildings, paintings, and sculptures mentioned) ought to be read right after the biography. For while Miss Spriggs was able to capture, in fragments from conversations, the wit and whimsy of the sage of Settignano, it is good to hear him talk uninterruptedly, inspired by churches and palaces in Venice, Florence, and Rome, by ancient ruins in Tripoli, and, of course, by the works of Botticelli, Lotto, Titian, Tintoretto, and other "life-enhancing" masters. But even in his old age he was worried about the esteem of the world, for while he believed himself to have been a pious lover of beauty in all forms, mankind, he feared, knew him only as a "destructive, heartless critic."

His book has an affectionate, brief preface by Raymond Mortimer.

Cool View of the Celebrated Few

"The Road I Came," by Paul Jordan-Smith *(Caxton. 472 pp. $6.50), reminisces about the author's quarter century as literary editor of the Los Angeles Times. Frederic Babcock, author of two novels and now working on his third, retired recently as the editor of the Chicago Tribune's Magazine of Books.*

By Frederic Babcock

PAUL JORDAN-SMITH is a living example of the time-worn, but somewhat exaggerated, saying that a man's a fool if he's not a radical at twenty, and a fool if he's still a radical at forty. Son of a pastor in Virginia and reared in the traditions of that pleasant state, he journeyed westward, was graduated from Galesburg, Illinois's Lombard college (which also numbered Carl Sandburg among its alumni), served as a pastor in Missouri, did graduate work at the University of Chicago, joined a group of free thinkers in Chicago, took part in many of the liberal movements of half a century ago, taught English in California, wrote ten books, and for a quarter of a century was the literary editor of the *Los Angeles Times*. Now retired at seventy-five, he has, naturally enough, changed his viewpoints.

This volume of reminiscences is a sparkling account of his long and distinguished career. It is spiced with the names of hundreds of leaders in the fields of literature, the arts, entertainment, and politics. Clarence Darrow, Vincent Starrett, Robert Herrick, Max Eastman, William J. Bryan, David Starr Jordan, Arthur Machen, Robert Frost, Upton Sinclair, Charlie Chaplin, Rebecca West, Sinclair Lewis, Hamlin Garland, Theodore Dreiser—the kind of personages one meets and talks with as a writer and book editor—march across the pages. Most of these he treats with generosity; for a few of them his pen is dipped in vitriol.

Like so many of us newspapermen, the author gradually became disillusioned regarding public figures. Witness this contrast between conditions in the late nineteenth century and those in mid-twentieth century: "In those days the moans of castrated calves might be heard in cattle barns, but they did not reach the homes of men. Today, through such persons as Frank Sinatra and writhing Elvis Presley, those animal moans and groans come to us as songs, inflicted upon every home cursed with television and radio." Score one for Paul Jordan-Smith.

Another of his sage observations:

> This century has seen Soviet Russia led by a bandit and bank robber, Italy ruled by a purse-snatcher, and Germany goosestep after a demented barroom bum. World War I crushed cultural standards and destroyed our most cherished ethical values. Artists and writers dance to the same tunes. They either abandon all attempts at rational communication in both prose and poetry, following the cult of unintelligibility, or they see reality, with a cesspool for a frame of reference, using four-letter words as a medium of expression. All very dull and stupid.

One thing has puzzled me for many years. Hyphenated names are O.K. for Europeans, but for Americans they sound like affectations. So why the hyphen in this instance? He explains that his name got confused with those of a couple of other Californians long ago. "That was when I decided to hyphenate my name. . . . In print I have remained Paul Jordan-Smith to this day."

Some critics like to tell how they would have written a given book and what a better job they could have done on it. I have only a single criticism of this one: Why didn't the author discuss his career as a literary editor? (Or is he saving that for his next volume?)

The *Chicago Tribune* and the *Los Angeles Times* are generally recognized as among the foremost conservative papers in this country. In my eighteen years as the book editor of the former, I—who can date my liberalism clear back to the heyday of Robert M. La Follette and George W. Norris—never felt pressure from the higher-ups in our organization to alter my views or slant our reviews. Paul Engle, Richard Sullivan, Walter Havighurst, and others have testified that through the years they were given, and are still being given, a completely free hand in reviewing for the *Tribune*'s literary supplement. That appeals to them as true liberalism. But what about the *Los Angeles Times*? Didn't its book editor have the same freedom of thought and expression? My guess is that he did, but I'd prefer to have the word come from him.

TERRIER OF A MAN: The time was December, 1776, the place the west bank of the Delaware River. The Revolution had virtually collapsed. Defeated in New York and pursued through the Jerseys, the Continental Troops were demoralized. Washington had to act and act fast and inspirationally. He did. He assembled his generals and planned a Christmas attack on the celebrating Hessians at Trenton.

Plans completed, Washington, according to tradition, turned to a colonel sitting apart and inquired if the attack was possible. Assured that it was, the General made the decision which resulted in one of our most historic victories. Who was this officer on whom Washington relied? Professor George Athan Billias at the University of Maine remembered and has written

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"John Glover and His Marblehead Mariners" (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5.50).

A native of Marblehead, Massachusetts, John Glover, a "tough little terrier of a man," was successively a cordwainer, shoemaker, and prosperous merchant. Typical of his class, he entered the turbulent politics of the day, particularly after England's colonial policies affected his shipping enterprises. Glover also increased his activities in the local militia and advanced in rank until, with the outbreak of hostilities, he succeeded to the command of the Marblehead Regiment. Composed of toughened sailors as self-reliant on the battlefield as on shipboard, the Marblehead Mariners became the very first American amphibious organization.

Colonel (later General) Glover also had the distinction of manning the first ship in the American Navy, his own schooner, *Hannah*, which he leased to Congress. To contemporaries the fame of Glover and his Marblehead Mariners did not rest solely on the ferrying of Washington's troops across the ice-choked Delaware. Glover and his unique regiment performed consistently well in all emergencies. They were at the siege of Boston, extricated Washington's trapped army from Brooklyn Heights in what has been called the "American Dunkirk," fought at Pelham Bay, participated in Burgoyne's surrender, and battled the British at Newport, Rhode Island.

George Billias has not overdrawn his hero as many enthusiastic authors are prone to, but has placed Glover and his Marblehead Mariners in proper historical perspective.

—William C. Kiessel.

—From "General John Glover."

Col. Glover's Marblehead Infantry, 1775-1776.

U. S. A.

Rumbles and Reefers

"Out of the Burning," by Ira Henry Freeman *(Crown. 256 pp. $3.95), penetrates the jungle of juvenile delinquency through the personal experiences of an erstwhile participant. Fred J. Cook wrote a book on that topic in 1957 with Senator Robert C. Hendrickson entitled "Youth in Danger."*

By Fred J. Cook

THERE has been in recent years such a spate of articles and books on juvenile delinquency that one is tempted to ask what can possibly be added to the subject. The answer lies in the direct impact that personal experience always makes when it is narrated with the rare depth, candor, and drama inherent in this account of juvenile delinquency by *New York Times* reporter Ira Henry Freeman. Even a reluctant reader is caught up in his swiftly-paced, vivid, and totally engrossing history of a youth gang leader who was, in the words of the Old Testament, "as a firebrand plucked out of the burning."

Carl ("Frenchy") Joyeaux, Jr. (the pseudonym behind which Mr. Freeman cloaks the real identity of the principal character in this otherwise no-holds-barred story) takes one on a shocking yet fascinating journey into the heart of a youth gang in Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant section. Its perverted jungle code of conduct, its bopping, its bams, its accepted technique of hustling for the bucks necessary for pete and reefers are all here, expressed in indelible terms.

Listen to Frenchy, youngest full-fledged member of the Bishops:

> I would approach a boy who challenged me with a smile and outstretched hand. "I'm sorry." As he shook hands with me, I would smash a cola bottle full in his face with my left hand. I dumped more hard guys that way. I never heard a complaint of foul. Such jive talk was for the lemons in the Y.M.C.A. We admired meanness.

Or listen again to Frenchy's amazement when a probation officer, in all seriousness, asked him why he hadn't reported a shakedown attempt to school officials instead of handling matters in his own way with a zipgun:

> I couldn't believe he was serious. What good would complaining have done? The Nits would deny everything. Next day, they would waste me for good. If some Nits did get sent up for it—which was unlikely—the rest of the mob would burn me for revenge. The Bishops would never defend me if I squealed.

In these two excerpts one has as pithy a presentation as one is apt to find anywhere of the philosophy of the jungle—the jungle that begins with juvenile delinquency and ends, in maturity, in the underworld. Fortunately for Frenchy, he did not complete the full cycle, and the report of his slow and painful struggle out of the jungle, ultimately to find a position as a researcher for a famous scientific institute after graduation from college, lets Mr. Freeman end his book on a strong note of hope.

But, as Frenchy makes clear, this is not a universal note. Most of his old gang did not have the intelligence or the courage to make the hard struggle: Frenchy had a high IQ, the example of an uncle who was a doctor, and a balance wheel in a hard-working, sensible mother whom he loved and who was always urging him to a better way of life.

It may seem to some unlikely that a boy, starting out with these advantages, should have become the hardened hoodlum that Frenchy did. But as the researches of those Harvard experts Dr. Sheldon Glueck and his wife, Dr. Elinor T. Glueck, vividly demonstrated some years ago, youth gang leaders are often molded from the best human material, youths possessed of brains, imagination, and daring. These estimable qualities lead some to seek adventure, to rebel against the humdrum routine of school and the apathy of good behavior.

Where Frenchy Joyeaux breaks with the pattern is that the adventurous who go the wrong way usually come from bad homes or broken families; he did not. Perhaps the one flaw in Mr. Freeman's book is the absence of any fully adequate explanation why the good influences of Frenchy's home, as here presented, could not overcome the lure of the corner candy store and the Bish-

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ops; one looks for some extra force propelling the boy into the jungle, but fails to find it. Frenchy traces the steps he took, but apparently is at a loss to explain why for him that particular path was inevitable. The story of his journey, however, is unforgettable; it reads with all the excitement of the best fiction, and it has the added virtue that real life breathes on every page. You know that this is how it was.

THE KINGFISH CLAN: The Pelican State's political progress for the past three decades comprises a melancholy story, as demonstrated by this latest book on Huey Long and his surviving family of "men of the people" politicos —Thomas Martin's **"Dynasty: The Longs of Louisiana"** (Putnam, $3.95). This volume appears closely on the heels of Stan Opotowsky's "The Longs of Louisiana," which was also published this year.

For his story of Huey the Kingfish, Mr. Martin leans heavily on the factual material in Allan P. Sindler's "Huey Long's Louisiana," released in 1956 and still the most complete work on that grim mob master. Mr. Martin also follows Dr. Sindler's interpretation of decades-old class conflict as a basis for Huey's rise to dictatorship: that is, the Kingfish's movement rested on a protest against the old intrenched combination of exploiting corporations and that "Tammany Hall of the South," the New Orleans political machine. Indeed, Mr. Martin's pages on the founder of the Long dynasty comprise a synthesis of the works of Sindler, Harnett T. Kane, Forrest Davis, Carleton Beals, Hamilton Basso, and Hodding Carter, as well as Leo Glen Douthit's unpublished master's thesis on Long's governorship, prepared at Tulane.

When Huey fell before an assassin's bullets in 1935, he left no heir to his Louisiana overlordship; but polling-place mileage aplenty remained in the name of Long. For in death the Kingfish grew into a martyr and saint among poverty-pinched Protestant northern-parish hillbillies and Catholic southern-parish Cajuns, both classes rural types and fiercely anti-New Orleans. After his unsavory political lieutenants, achieving power by the magic of Huey's memory and ballot-box manipulations, had fought among themselves and stolen vast public wealth (some ultimately ending behind prison bars) Huey's brother, Earl K. Long, was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Louisiana in 1936. He stepped up to first place for one year in 1939, when Governor Leche was found guilty of extracting substantial sums through that public gold mine, the road-building State Highway Commission. During subsequent years, 1948-52 and 1956-60, Brother Earl was to serve, cavort, and burlesque as Governor with his own brand of swashbuckling liberalism and personal dynamism.

Mr. Martin's contributions to the Long story lie in his well-written and adequately researched pages on Earl Long, in and out of office. By means of his professional and personal contacts in Louisian journalism and politics the author has gathered revealing facts for his account of Huey's brother, who is carried through his mental crack-up.

Mr. Martin concludes that the future of the Long dynasty lies in Huey's look-alike son, United States Senator Russell B. Long, who lacks the hell-raising fire and undiluted demagoguery of his father and Uncle Earl. Russell is still revered in Louisiana because he is his father's son—at least by blood and physical resemblance.

—Reinhard H. Luthin.

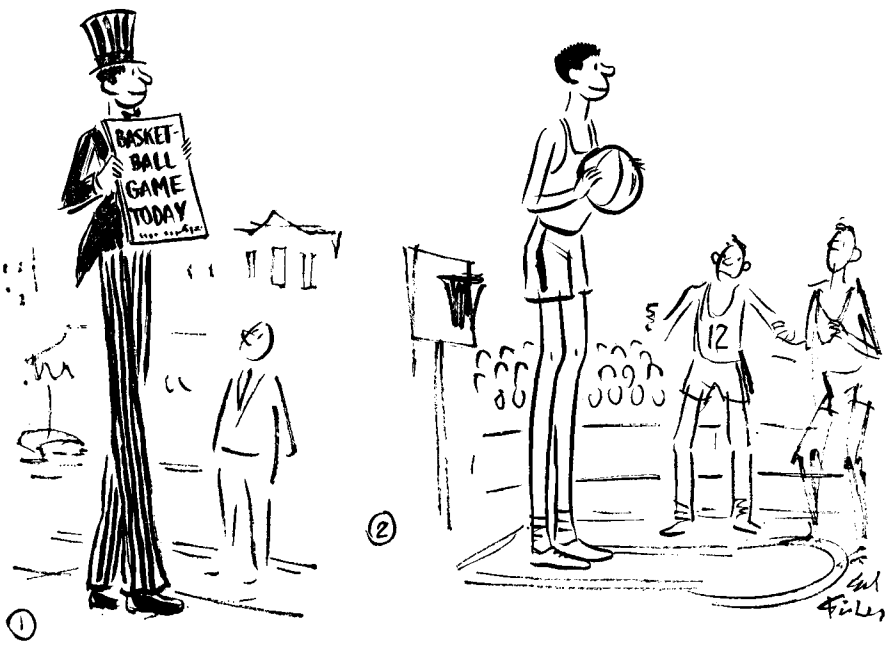
EXODUS FROM ERIN: The late George Potter, who in 1945 gained a Pulitzer Prize for his editorial work on the *Providence Journal-Bulletin*, devoted much of the last ten years of his life to the study of the Irish in this country. The result of that interest is **"To the Golden Door: The Story of the Irish in Ireland and America"** (Little, Brown, $6.50), the writing of which was evidently a labor of love.

Mr. Potter discusses in detail such subjects as the causes and nature of the Irish emigration to the United States during the nineteenth century; the conditions of life—often intolerable —which the Irish had to endure in the great Eastern cities; the psychology that they developed under these exceptional circumstances; the hostile reactions that their presence aroused in nativist groups like the Know-Nothings; the Irish participation in American politics, chiefly in the Democratic Party, and their contribution to the growth of the Catholic Church in America.

The ground traversed by this book has been covered in two recent works: Carl Wittke's sociological study, "The Irish in America" (1956), and Leonard Wibberley's perceptive "Coming of the Green" (1958). The great emigration has also been carefully documented in the pioneer scholarly work of William F. Adams (1932) and in Arnold Schrier's "Ireland and the American Emigration" (1958).

Notwithstanding these earlier studies, Mr. Potter's retelling of the story is amply justified. Although he has written for a popular audience, and has therefore dispensed with the academic apparatus of footnotes and bibliography, he is thoroughly at home in the available source materials. He has, for example, made a more detailed and effective use of contemporary newspapers—especially of the *Boston Pilot*, founded by Patrick Donahoe in 1838—than any of his predecessors. "The highest tribute to the value of the *Pilot*," observes Mr. Potter, "is that no history of the Catholic Irish in the United States can be written without it."

The author has also brought to his subject a lively style, an unflagging vitality, and an eye for picturesque detail. The horrors that attended emigration—both during the actual passage and in the rat-infested slums where the newcomers found their first homes—are vividly described. The kind of national psychology produced by such



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conditions, including both admirable and deplorable traits, is fairly and frankly revealed. "The Catholics of the United States," wrote de Tocqueville in 1835, "are at the same time the most submissive and the most independent citizens . . . they constitute the most republican and the most democratic class in the United States."

The weakest portion of Mr. Potter's book is the long and superficial introduction dealing with Irish history. It is also regrettable that a work which purports to tell "the story of the Irish in Ireland and America" deals only with the Catholic majority. Entirely apart from the Scotch Irish, the Protestant minority of the South produced a long line of eminent leaders—Wolfe Tone, Edward Fitzgerald, Robert Emmet, and Charles Stewart Parnell among them—whose importance is not sufficiently recognized here. That the hungry, dispossessed tenants and helpless emigrés numbered Protestants as well as Catholics is scarcely mentioned. One must also take exception to the continuous use—or rather misuse—of phrases such as "the Catholic Irish race" and "Catholic Irish blood." History—even popular history—should not ignore the basic evidence of anthropology.

—Giovanni Costigan.

FOR MEN ONLY: Though American burlesque was once a lively, even explosive entertainment that made thousands of men laugh, Rowland Barber's "**The Night They Raided Minsky's**" (Simon & Schuster, $4.95), though stark and unashamed, is surprisingly tedious. For a plethora of details bogs down the main story. There are too many people cluttering up the scenes, too many paragraphs on politics, religion, architecture, Prohibition, backstage life, legal technicalities, slumming parties, and Minsky family life.

Dubbing the book "a fanciful expedition" robs the reader, at the outset, of full credence. Nothing rings quite true. Straight out of "Richard III," for instance, is Billy Minsky's courtship of Mary Kaufman, to whom he proposed during the funeral services of her husband, Irving, his brother.

And the insistent emphasis on the piety of the Minsky patriarchs reads like an apologia for what bluestockings might consider the dubious achievements of their offspring. Thus, oddly enough, the most amusing chapter in the book concerns not the Minsky's, but Betty Busby, who, with the aid of her stage-struck mamma, escaped, at the tender age of fourteen, the sanctimonious clutches of her policeman-father, a Quaker, and developed, at the mature age of eighteen, into Mlle. Fifi from Paris, France, star belly dancer of the National Winter Garden.

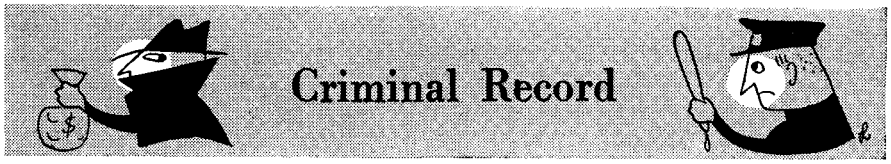
However, for those who have never seen a burlesque show and are curious to know what this for-men-only entertainment was like, the book provides a complete, authentic performance. Everything is here: the traditional comedy bits with the Gaseeka Box and unexpurgated dialogue, the much-vaunted timing and ad libbing, the comics, the straight men, the soubrettes, the double-entendre songs, the sentimental ballads, the behavior of the audience, the lighting, the candy butcher's spiel, the art albums with ladies in off-guard poses, the striptease, the bare breasts, and the over-all derisive disrespect for woman.

The history comes to a close, as did so many burleycues, with a raid and the performers riding off to the hoosegow. In this instance, Sumner was in charge, and he succeeded in shutting down the National Winter Garden, a prelude to the subsequent, almost total eclipse of the leg shows.

Oddly enough, the family demiurge, Billy, that diminutive giant of the nether-theatrical-world, does not come through as a fully realized personality, even though blessed with pyramiding praise and cumulative appraisals. He started his business career incongruously as a society reporter for the old *World*. He scattered come-on free tickets at exclusive institutions like the Racquet and Tennis clubs. He built elaborate homes and played the market. He bought diamond necklaces, European tours, and showy automobiles. He stole material from the Ziegfeld revues. He sustained a black eye administered by the producer of the "Scandals," George White. "He had a Midas touch. He could do no wrong."

An extensive though vapid list of names includes Trotsky, gambler Herman Rosenthal, Conde Nast, Thomashevsky, Chaliapin, Hart Crane, Otto Kahn, e. e. cummings, Phil Silvers, George Jean Nathan, and Gypsy Rose Lee. Edmund Wilson, champion of the Minsky stronghold, rates a quote. Mary Garden, mentioned as a star at the "Met," never sang there.

—Bernard Sobel.



THE GOLDEN DEED. *By Andrew Garve. Harper.* $2.95. Wife and son of well-heeled Englishman are saved from drowning by character who later proves bit of a nuisance; disinterment puts strain on frantic parents. Another of author's fine special-situation jobs.

BLINDFOLD. *By Lucille Fletcher. Random House.* $2.95. New York analyst treats concealed patient in secret rendezvous for U.S. Government; enemy makes passes. Excellent cloak-and-dagger, home-soil job by author of "Sorry, Wrong Number."

THE HOUR OF TRUTH. *By Denise Egerton. Washburn.* $2.95. English lady tizzied when composer-husband fails to show at Barcelona airport; ancient killing a complication. Nervous tension abounds.

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES. *By Vincent Starrett. University of Chicago Press.* $4.75. Revised, enlarged edition of this definitive and masterly work. (Did you know that Dr. John H. Watson *almost* got called Ormond Sacker?)

GIDEON'S RISK. *By J. J. Marric. Harper.* $2.95. Yacht-owning London publisher, suspected of wife-murder, is chief target of Scotland Yard wheel-horse, but big-time cart thieves, horse dopers, and related fry are also active. Usual fast-paced performance.

JURY OF ONE. *By Mignon G. Eberhart. Random House.* $3.50. Pair of suspicious deaths jolt serenity of New England bride-to-be; old lover plays god-from-machine. Family involvements predominate here.

THE SEALER. *By James Wood. Vanguard.* $3.95. Jim Fraser, Scotch farmer-fisherman, takes on wartime intelligence job of scouting German sea-raider at southern tip of South America. Knowledgeable and seaworthy.

A DEADLY AFFAIR. *By Ed Lacy. Hillman Books.* 35¢. New York Puerto Rican lad, held in death of handball-playing pal, finds out how latter vanished and perished; locked-room job (with no walls, no ceiling) with good slant on Latin life on mainland.

MARK KILBY SOLVES A MURDER. *By Robert Caine Frazier. Pocket Books.* 25¢. Hero, wonder-boy type (has silver eyes, plastic jaw), takes New York industrialist off hook when hoods move in to wreck him. Much bloodletting, fist-flinging. —Sergeant Cuff.

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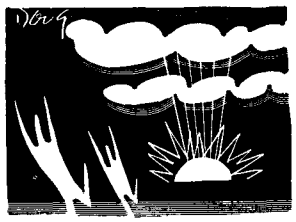
Moral Man in Amoral Society



. . . the main political struggle in America would appear to be between Jews and Catholics who are left of the center and Protestants who are right of it.

"Reinhold Niebuhr on Politics: His Political Philosophy and Its Application to Our Age as Expressed in His Writings," edited by H. R. Davis and R. C. Good *(Scribners. 416 pp. $6.50), maintains that contemporary ideals cannot be achieved without a revival of the Christian ethic—a difficult task because the churches, asserts Niebuhr, have mostly forgotten the gospel. C. Northcote Parkinson numbers among his many books "The Evolution of Political Thought."*

By C. Northcote Parkinson

THIS attempt to restate Niebuhr's views on politics goes far beyond the merely political. What the authors offer is a philosophy of life, lucidly explained in a volume of considerable size. Of the value and interest of the views expressed there can be no doubt, nor of their relevance to the problems of the day. Briefly, the attempt is made to show that the accepted contemporary ideals have failed and were bound to fail, and that little can be achieved without a return to the Christian ethic. As in previous works—"Human Destiny" and "The Self and the Dramas of History"—the deepest questions are boldly tackled and clearly explained. In a necessarily brief review it is hard to do justice to a work in which so much wisdom is applied to so wide a variety of related topics. But all serious thinkers will wish to read the book for themselves.

Generally speaking, Niebuhr makes short work of the "Soft Utopians" to whom American society looks for guidance. He defends democracy but not those to whom democracy has become sacred. To establish justice in a sinful world is the whole sad duty of the political order. Democratic governments have achieved this, up to a point, by embodying the principle of resistance to government itself, thus steering between the Scylla of anarchy and the Charybdis of tyranny. To the extent, moreover, that they have supported equality, they have introduced the principle of love (or its approximation) into the realm of law. So far so good. The Soft Utopians expect too much, however, from their chosen form of rule. They fail to see the evil inherent in government as such, or the sinfulness of man. Their errors all stem from too great an optimism about the goodness of human nature and the possibility of easily resolving the conflict between individual and general interests.

> . . . modern democracy requires a more realistic philosophical and religious basis, not only in order to anticipate and understand the perils to which it is exposed; but also to give it a more persuasive justification. . . . Americans have only one religion: devotion to democracy . . . [but] . . . There are no historic institutions, whether political, economic or religious, which can survive a too uncritical devotion. . . . Democracy cannot be the final end of life.

However, the revival of the Christian ethic is also difficult, for the churches have mostly forgotten the gospel in exalting the (quite unscientific) idea of progress. They tend, in addition, to present the laws of love as the too-simple solution to every communal problem. Nor must it be forgotten that any church, theoretically a transcendent community, is also an interest group, itself liable to corruption.

Reinhold Niebuhr—"makes short work of the 'Soft Utopians.'"

But although there are evident difficulties in relating politics to faith, there is still a duty to preserve civilization. While all hope for perfection in political life must be illusory, we must still do the best we can in a world where the United States has "the undisputed leadership in the world of free nations," but where the "Hard Utopians" (or Marxists) are also to be reckoned with. Marxism is a religion and one in which dogma is triumphant over fact. It creates a real peril, for "Hell knows no fury like the fanaticism of the prophets of a secular religion who have become the priest-kings of an Utopian state."

Faced with the danger which is obvious to all, some of the Soft Utopians preach a pacifism for which, as Niebuhr points out, they have no doctrinal authority. "There is not the slightest support in Scripture for the doctrine of nonviolence." Others pin their hopes on the idea of world government, but "virtually all arguments for world government rest upon the simple presupposition that the desirability of world order proves the attainability of world government"—an obvious fallacy. The basis for a world order does not exist. "We do not have one world, or any hope of achieving it in the proximate future." The analogy with national governments is misleading for these have been established over communities already in existence or in which the integrative forces were apparent. World government remains, therefore, something for the future. "The world community, toward which all historical forces seem to be driving us, is mankind's final possibility and impossibility"—to be achieved only by Divine Power.

This important book is marred to some small extent by the tendency to personify the abstract. Phrases explaining that "The Renaissance criticized the Catholic Ages," or that the Renaissance regarded, believed, or had great confidence in something, and that Marxism believes something else, add a touch of imprecision to chapters which are admirable in themselves. Beliefs and actions are attributable, surely, to men; not to the abstract deities who preside over the undergraduate essay.

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Sage with a Cigar

"Enjoy, Enjoy!," by Harry Golden *(World. 315 pp. $4), is another potpourri by the affable editor of the Carolina Israelite. Sydney J. Harris is a syndicated newspaper columnist for General Features.*

By Sydney J. Harris

OVEREXPOSURE of talent is one of the cardinal sins of the American entertainment industry. I am sure that Harry Golden knows this as well as any man; yet he has permitted, if not encouraged, his publishers to issue his third book in less than three years.

"Enjoy, Enjoy!" consists mainly of familiar themes reworked. Some of the material is from the *Carolina Israelite,* some of it has never before been published—and some, it must be confessed, never should have been. Of the 232 long or short items in this new compilation not more than a dozen or two strike a genuinely fresh note or evoke more than a mild nostalgic throb.

Only in America would publishers rush into print so hastily to capitalize on a suddenly famous writer. This is an injustice to Golden and to his public; he is an amusing and perceptive observer, and an amiable raconteur—but his grasp is not so broad nor his vision so deep that an annual volume of his *pensées* is called for.

As a chronicler of life among what he calls the "middle classniks," Golden has a shrewd eye and a sound sense of values. He is not witty, and his literary style has the loose and disjointed cadence of the spoken word; but his observations are warmly humorous, and he knows how to sound righteous without seeming self-righteous. As a social critic he rarely stings; gentle mockery is evidently his goal.

A good deal of the time Golden seems to be writing down to his audience, as a bright night-club comedian often "plays the house." To this extent he is an entertainer rather than a serious writer; the latter is always his own audience, his own harshest critic, and he is not trying to endear himself to those out front.

When Golden forgets the need to be entertaining, he shows himself to be far superior to the genial figure on the jacket of the book, sitting in a rocker chomping on a large cigar, and emitting homely wisdom. In his essay on anti-Semitism he sensibly concludes:

> What a moral thing if the Jewish community of America fought for the rights of the Mexican wetback, for instance, for the end of racial segregation in the South, and for the Negro and the Puerto Rican with their terrible housing and employment discrimination. No matter where civil rights are threatened, we should be there! When you are worried about others, you are fearless. When you fight for *others*, you build an impregnable wall of security around *yourself*.

Such statements, however, are all but lost in this potpourri of sentimentality, windy anecdotage, and sententious philosophizing. These may, of necessity, make up the bulk of weekly journalism—but a book should be a winnowing, not a mere accumulation; an act of exclusion, not inclusion. "Discrimination" is not wholly a bad word.

Books in the News

Continued from page 18

stripping us in certain activities of vital strategic importance, and we are confronted by the fact, not only that the wise allocation of effort may be more important than the total output of effort, but even that increased productivity, beyond a certain point, does not necessarily yield increased strength. Is a nation with two cars in every garage better equipped to fight Communism than a nation with one? Overhanging all these problems is the unlovely paradox that preparations for destruction are the main stimulus to our economy and complete assurance of world peace would, in our present circumstances, lead straight to economic ruin.

To meet these new problems, Galbraith advocates a liberalism which calls, fundamentally, for a new pattern of redistribution of wealth—not as between one group of individuals and another, but as between private purposes and public purposes. If we can substantially increase spending for public purposes, we can impart to this spending a social motivation which private spending inevitably lacks. By such spending we can turn the tide of urban blight, and in many ways can arrest the squandering of the rich heritage of our natural environment. Further, we can develop more intensively, through education, the capacities of our manpower, which would be an investment as well as a reform. We can intensify our efforts to foster economic development in other parts of the world, thus narrowing the dangerous gap which now separates us in our plenty from the rest of the planet in its poverty. Finally, the assurance of a commitment to spend for such purposes would free us of the hateful choice between armament and depression.

Many of these ideas of Mr. Galbraith were previously expressed in his earlier book, "The Affluent Society." But they have never before been stated with such conciseness and clarity and bite as in this small but important volume of essays. Galbraith's prose style is superb, and he here deploys it not only on his major objectives, but also upon a mixture of topics, including such relaxed themes as farming in Vermont. "The Liberal Hour" reveals more of the man, and more of the breadth of his human interests than his previous books.

Many readers who are persuaded of the validity of Mr. Galbraith's proposals will keep their fingers crossed as to the popular support which these proposals may be able to arouse. Galbraith himself recognizes that they are likely to be rejected if they are linked with

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soak-the-rich revenue policies or if they are not accompanied by firm checks on inflation, applied at strategic points. But even if these difficult prerequisites are met, the stubborn fact will remain that our political system is poorly adapted to giving a priority to public considerations over private considerations. Indeed, democracy in politics, like laissez-faire in economics, has operated on the assumption that the self-interest of all individuals, added together by the process of voting or by the workings of supply and demand, would equal the total welfare of the community. Where the sum of individual interests has in reality approximated the over-all public interest, both laissez-faire and democracy have worked. Thus, it was a totality of self-interested have-not voters which kept the New Deal in power. But today, the sum of private needs, directly felt, is farther than ever before from approximating the needs of our society as a whole: needs for conservation of our environment, for balancing wealth and poverty on the planet, for developing talents (such as mathematical proficiency) which carry a low pecuniary premium.

The question whether American democracy can transcend its totality of individual self-interest and can commit itself to this larger concept of the welfare of the community is not only the major question about the practicability of Mr. Galbraith's proposals. It is also the major question about the success of the next Administration—whether Democratic or Republican—and about the survival of the American system in a world the New Dealers never knew.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 895

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 895 will be found in the next issue.

QA BCLKGKNL NPPN
QA BCCBHLDAKLM
KA PFPHM SQZQGKLM;
Q CPNNKGKNL
NPPN Q SQZQGKLM
KA PFPHM
BCCBHLDAKLM.
—QDLXBH DAEABYA

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 894

A wise woman will always let her husband have her way.
—SHERIDAN.

Fiction

Continued from page 19

Kinnan Rawlings and Harriette Arnow," but the author has neither the grace of the one nor the strength of the other. What she has instead should be assessed as precious in its own right: the ability to move beneath the skin, into the mind, of a woman ice-locked by tragic circumstance; and the honesty to explore, through the afflicted Toy, those constant, mysterious, always tentative harbingers of springtime without which man dies.

We are impressed, in scene after scene, not by any special deftness, but by unbounded rightness: it is there in Toy's complex feeling for her family's ancient grist mill; there during her uncomfortable yet good "honeymoon" with Wick; there most strongly in every tactile sense of the warm dust of summer, the frost of winter; there in Toy's iron pride, humor, animal delight, and the salt of her wonder; and in her agonized awakening to her child as a whole entity, a challenging miracle. The death of the child seems arbitrary and needless; Vinnie Williams had a strong enough grip upon Toy to offer her more subtle challenge.

"The Fruit Tramp" could have served as the take-off point for a neat, effective American movie with a built-in moral. But "Walk Egypt" is a more enduring creation, a good novel.

Dart in the Solitary Heart

"Be Not Angry," by William Michelfelder *(Atheneum. 237 pp. $4), is a love story in which the participants are a young priest and a devout Catholic girl. Novelist Brian Moore is the author of "The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne." His next novel, "The Luck of Ginger Coffey," will be published later this month.*

By Brian Moore

BEHIND THE presbytery walls are men subject, as other men, to angers, doubts, and the lusts of the flesh. In William Michelfelder's second novel, "Be Not Angry," the lives of four priests in a New York parish are suddenly exposed to the celibate's greatest danger: one of their number falls in love. Love also proves a danger to Mr. Michelfelder, sometimes involving him in preachment in his effort to show that there is "Beyond any church . . . and in all the priests and practitioners of religion, in all human beings alone with themselves in the terrible silence of the solitary heart, a need to adore without knowing why, a need for coming home to the one beloved."

Father Bowles, young, zealous, handsome, and a favorite with the sodality ladies, is troubled by a suspicion that the intense young woman he watches for at Catholic Action meetings may also be watching for him.

Catherine Knott, the girl in question, has no doubt that she has fallen in love with a priest, but as a religious, almost fanatic Catholic, this realization can only bring her anguish. In the space of two days and by the device of entering not only the minds of Father Bowles and the girl, but also those of Monsignor Murchie, the old Parish administrator, a housekeeper, and a renegade Catholic alcoholic whose malicious telephone calls instigate the scandal, Mr. Michelfelder attempts to show that the need to love and be loved can conquer even the stern disciplines of a priestly vocation and the prejudices of a Catholic virgin's faith.

The presbytery routine, the petty jealousies of the curates, the character of the Monsignor, pastor not only to his flock but also to his assistants, are rendered with a skill and an economy which bring J. F. Powers to mind. Here is urban American Catholicism—pragmatic, preoccupied, pious: a foot in both worlds. But, unlike Mr. Powers, the author rarely makes his points by implication or example; nor does he leave the reader in much doubt as to his own position. Passionately committed to belief in a power greater than the disciplines of a church or the practices of a faith, he is at pains to explore the doubts and uncertainties which bedevil even the most devout.

But compassion and commitment are not enough. By selecting those private ruminations which touch almost exclusively on matters of faith and morals, Mr. Michelfelder somehow loses sight of the whole man. A pulpit tone becomes omnipresent as his characters arrive at their unlikely decisions. We remain unconvinced.

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Instant Fiction

Continued from page 13

has tried and executed three innocent men. This is "a powerful novel of the American West"; it is "an unforgettable tale that blazes with the strength and vigor of its setting"; and it is "a searing and exciting story of honest men of action who let their mistaken fury lead them to violence and injustice."

These generalities scarcely suggest the novel's real subject, which is the inadequacy of mere virtue in the world. Following the "shocking outdoor trial" --where the preview of the narrative stops--the man who has clearly tried to prevent the execution now astonishingly takes the responsibility for it. Convinced of the suspects' innocence, he argues, he has nevertheless joined the posse, purposely unarmed to avoid a showdown with the leader. With this confession the novel then focuses on the other men who have given their frightened consent, as they become more aware of their own irresponsible righteousness. These implications of the execution, which the novel is concerned with, are not even whispered about in the preview.

The paperback presentation of Robert Penn Warren's "All the King's Men" (1951)—"a great novel . . . about great corruption"—similarly overlooks what the novel is all about. The preview features the unscrupulous politics of Willie Stark, who forces one of his employees to double-cross a personal friend. From the moment he does so, "the story moves steadily to its tremendous climax." In this way the preview alludes to Stark's assassination. But the novel's real subject is the pathology of Willie Stark's power, and it is dramatized through the self-realization of a few well-meaning people who, for convincing personal reasons, have sold out to this man.

Self-comprehension is what a novel can best represent, but this is just what the previews omit. Any fiction appraises experience simply by resolving a conflict, but the tremendous potential of the novel lies in the breadth it has in which to make analogies to this conflict, such as the shared problems of the various ranchers and their victims in "The Ox-Bow Incident," or of the several employees of Willie Stark in "All the King's Men." The previews commonly emphasize the action for its own sake, but this merely advertises a book's similarity to all others.

If a preview were to emphasize the action with regard to its particular implications, on the other hand, it would advertise the book's individuality. The difference would be more than a matter of altering words here and there; it would mean changing the preview's point of view to accommodate the book itself instead of the reader's assumed tastes. And this is all the difference in the world.

This limiting journalism of the reprinters even extends to tabloid reading-guides on the cover itself, to help the reader make up his mind. Thus, the retitled paper edition ("The Night Before Dying") (1955) of Robert M. Coates's "Wisteria Cottage" saves the reader time:

> Louise—haughty, love-hungry with claws of steel/Elinor—warm, alluring, and very, very soft/Florence—shrewd, calculating, and too fond of young men/These three:/caught up in the web of rage and contempt spun by the twisted mind of Richard Baurie, the youth who deceived them all and then, step by terrifying step, directed their lives down the path to explosive violence.

What more do we need? One more step and we can get through a book without reading it. The paper edition of John P. Marquand's "Point of No Return" (1952) admirably performs this final chore in a paragraph of illuminated writing, with pictures punctuating the prose.

> Here is Charles Gray, still dreaming his dream of his lost, lovely Jessica, living out his life in quiet desperation, with his nice wife, and their two kids, in their Connecticut home. The boundaries of Charlie's life are home, the country club where he plays golf, the bank where he works.

Another paragraph suggests—but without informing—what the hero's universal problem is:

> Here is the poignant story of a man imprisoned in the grip of circumstances beyond his control—a man caught in the net of his own daily life. "Point of No Return" is a beautiful, powerful and universal novel, by one of America's great writers—John P. Marquand.

There is an old joke in the book trade about the person who asks, "Why should I buy a book? I already have one." But this turns out to be a pretty expensive joke. The reprinters' distortion of their products has encouraged just this sort of nonsense. With the narrow margin of profit, every reprinter understands the vast effect of a small change. A half-cent a copy, even for one printing, can mean the difference of thousands of dollars. The reprinter is used to this kind of arithmetic and to the need for precision, yet he overlooks the comparable effect of small changes in the literary quality of his product. This is a curious oversight, since he himself makes such pretension of displaying a book's literary credentials.

It is irrelevant to ask why the reprinter does not publish better books. He publishes the best he can find, commensurate with the risks of a large-volume business. In this particular matter of conscience he can probably sleep better at night than the trade publisher. But by marketing all his wares as the same product, he distorts the books he does publish. Every novel is the extension of its author. It is individual. The value of a novel lies in its significant difference, within the experience everyone shares. But the reprinter denies this.

The parrot-like salesmanship of the reprint business contradicts itself. It denies the possibilities of the distribution system. Since the basis of the business is the rapid turnover of many titles —with very little display room in which to sell—the reprinter must attract attention to each book. To this purpose the individuality of a book is naturally congenial. It is even strategic in finding new readers. But by ignoring or disguising this individuality the reprinter encourages the reader to limit every book that he does buy to what the reprinter says it is.

Meanwhile, the absurd image grows of a literature so parochial that all its books render the same experience, that all are equally "poignant" and "powerful," "brutal" and "compassionate," and that one can do the job as well as another.

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Marquand

Continued from page 15

from the remarkable study of Bella Brill, the neurotic, destructive, and incestuous cousin in "Wickford Point." And in 1949, "Point of No Return" was the tale of a New York banker who had substituted restraint, caution, and "tact" for all the true impulses of his temperament. The Nancy of the novel was another "good wife" by all acceptable standards, and one who accepted all the competitive social demands of their suburban existence. But here indeed Marquand had anticipated the whole trend of "suburban fiction" which in the 1950s dominated our literary scene and excluded any other topic of concern except "getting ahead" in a suicidal world.

In this sense John P. Marquand was a curious product of the 1930s. But he was, along with Herman Wouk, say, the natural novelist of the late Forties and Fifties. "Melville Goodwin, USA" (1951) was the story of a "good general," for all his faults, who turned out to resemble a certain General Eisenhower, and whose virtues of humility, decency, discipline, and "duty" were recommended by Marquand as the best solution for all our national problems. But this popular novelist, out of whose long list of titles I have barely mentioned a few, was getting tired. The beginnings of his books were always better than the ends; the scenes, some of which still sparkled, were better than the narrative as a whole; and if one still read him with pleasure, one began to reflect about his work with pain. I remember that about that time I thought he was always writing the same novel, and I was always writing the same review.

He was an author, I said then, whose destiny had constrained him to do only what he could do so well. There was no doubt he was an acute and brilliant observer of middle-class manners. Along with John O'Hara, another fictional outsider very much like Marquand, he had the sharp eye of the born reporter, the sensitive ear for speech, the gift of creating atmosphere and of projecting social types. He had, indeed, everything the novelist needs except the intellectual boldness, the moral hardness, the deep insights of the major writers—and was it by temperament or by choice that Marquand just missed, and doubtless knew he had missed, the real place in our fiction that he should have had?

AND wasn't that perhaps the underlying rationale of his novels: that he made honorable and even inevitable all the broken hopes of the middle classes in the United States—of all "the would-be people" who found themselves tied fast, as he was, to the bondage of their popularity, success, and material comfort? What an ironic fate for the artist, as well as for his audience; and what a typically latter-day American tragedy this was! Yet even in his final novels, as no doubt in the posthumous novel shortly to be published, there is still that recurrent moment of pleasure in the Marquand touch. For that touch was at least the mark of a true craftsman: an old-fashioned literary "figure" in the increasingly mechanized and "incorporated" field of mass entertainment.

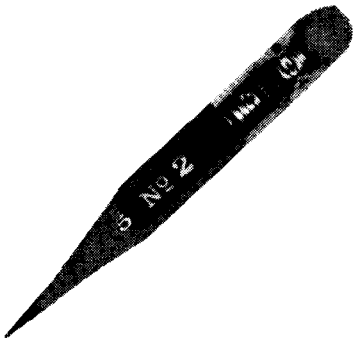
Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

WELCOME TO THE SORORITY!

Here are listed ten groups of sisters more or less well known in literature. Elizabeth Kelly Peck of Chevy Chase, Maryland, asks you to identify the works in which they appear and the authors of those works. Key columns Two and Three on Column One. Answers on page 40.

1.	Emily, Charlotte, Anne	( )	"The Old Wives' Tale"	( )	Jane Austen
2.	Zeitel, Hodel, Eve	( )	"The Glass Slipper"	( )	The New Testament
3.	Goneril, Regan, Cordelia	( )	"The Sons-in-Law of Tevyeh"	( )	Louisa May Alcott
4.	Laura, Lizzie	( )	"The Brontë Story"	( )	Eleanor Farjeon
5.	Jo, Beth, May, Amy	( )	Gospel of St. Luke	( )	Shakespeare
6.	Olga, Masha, Irina	( )	"Pride and Prejudice"	( )	Arnold Bennett
7.	Elizabeth, Lydia, Jane, Catherine, Mary	( )	"King Lear"	( )	Christina Rossetti
8.	Mary, Martha	( )	"Little Women"	( )	Sholom Aleichem
9.	Sophia, Constance	( )	"The Goblin Market"	( )	Anton Chekhov
10.	Arathusa, Araminta	( )	"The Three Sisters"	( )	Margaret Lane



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Perspective/1960

Continued from page 6

from the old regular and isolationist thinking of the Repubilcan Party, yet he held their machinery under stricter control than any man since Robert A. Taft.

In retrospect, the chief drama of John F. Kennedy's nomination lay in Kennedy's spring ordeal as he fought in the primaries across the nation and subdued the bosses of the big cities. The drama of the Nixon nomination lay in a brief period of three or four days and was worked out on the second and third floors of the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago. The Kennedy drama ended in an act of surpassing political clarity. But the Nixon drama ended in a series of gambles as bold and hazardous as any Presidential candidate has ever undertaken.

By Thursday evening, when the Republican convention of 1960 was adjourned *sine die*, it had accepted all of Mr. Nixon's gambles. The Republican campaign was to hinge on foreign policy—thus committing its fortune, to a large extent, to the turbulent world of international events and mortgaging its chances to the calculations and miscalculations of Soviet policy in the next three months. It had chosen to yield the South to the Democrats and gambled that it must sweep the entire industrial Northeast as well as Richard Nixon's native West. It had gambled, with Nixon, that only the posture and promise of a liberal philosophy could let it win in such a manner as to govern the nation in cooperation with a certainly Democratic Senate.

If, in any of these gambles, Mr. Nixon should prove wrong, it is certain he will have ended his own political career—and possibly, also, the nature of the Republican Party as it has existed in American politics since 1912.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 9, 10, 2, 1, 8, 7, 3, 5, 4, 6. Column Three should read: 7, 8, 5, 10, 3, 9, 4, 2, 6, 1.

A Qualified Praise of the Devil as a Teacher

By John Ciardi

A DEVIL with impressive references
taught me my first *deductio*. Father Dwyer,
Miss Branton, and—among the eminences—
Browning, made him out an avid liar.

The rest was *post hoc*, but as clearly *propter*.
The Father asked obedience, and I left.
Miss Branton asked credulity, and I dropped her.
Whatever Browning asked, his lie was cleft

deep as the Devil's own, and I preferred
Old Posit, the Original Proposition.
The others were toe-dancers, softly blurred.
The devil I met, set foot like a logician

on rock and air, and every step a spark,
and every spark a premise testified.
The others swore they spoke the truth. John Dark
smiled and warned me that he might have lied,

and left me to decide. "Doubt," said His Digs.
"Have faith!" the others summoned. I deduced:
truth that won't bear doubting won't bear figs.
—How many first absurdities were reduced

from their untested premises to terms
by such a small *non seq.* as that was, I
lost track of. The *ad hominem* of worms
becomes a logic that sticks in the eye

of all but Old Twist, Doctor Evertrue,
but never true enough. On long reflection
I doubt His Nibs, just as he taught me to.
But I'll say this—he never begged the question.

CLASSIFIED

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(Continued on page 42)

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(Continued from page 41)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1377

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Maiden name of Mrs. W. H. Auden.	163 24 2 122
B. A "man in a white coat."	144 80 172 184 66 10 121 69 51
C. Holding onto, esp. in the mind.	64 142 55 204 168 25 183 83 20
D. What Surgeon General Gorgas freed Havana and Panama from (2 wds.).	195 19 165 208 35 120 50 169 141 178 72
E. Covering for floors, for packing articles, etc.	74 9 63 113 91 150 102
F. Constellation Serpentarius.	171 125 8 47 201 107 23 152 70
G. Haughty, aloof person; forbidden topic (comp.).	77 56 127 155 103 31 86 138 133 22
H. Close relatives of Lithuanians.	126 139 90 97 28
I. Eternal.	29 158 4 116 40 153 94
J. High German dialect widely spoken.	166 197 33 87 117 143 108
K. In music, make smaller by a half step.	110 190 39 78 185 130 161 60
L. The part of a play developing the main action, leading to the catastrophe.	30 180 101 43 124 196 26 191
M. Fervor; intensity.	206 93 36 3 7 181 175 148 75
N. Infeasible.	147 151 164 82 176 59 189 105 118 11 200

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Porcelain impressed with figures, to transmit differing amounts of light; used in old lampshades.	115 173 89 52 159 193 100 99 76 187
P. Where he used to call for Chloe.	157 137 88 170 104 62
Q. Original title of "The Courtier", dialogues by Castiglione, 1478 - 1529, widely translated (2 wds.).	37 177 128 1 146 71 53 67 156 61 134 13
R. See Word T.	42 136 179 49 54
S. Vane; anybody who veers with every change of current opinion.	95 81 149 34 203 15 5 186 174 198 129
T. German title, Strauss opera on a Hofmannsthal libretto (2 wds. followed by Word R).	207 182 162 58 18 131 109 114 6 145
U. Ancient Greek legendary subject of two operas by Gluck.	154 21 98 65 123 45 12 188 205
V. Sound of a blow with something blunt and heavy.	119 194 73 92 202
W. A counterfeit.	41 111 96 38 199 79 14
X. Most trim and tidy.	85 192 48 160 68 32 16 106
Y. Instrument for measuring angles.	132 135 167 46 44 17 57 112 27 84 140

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

							1 Q	2 A	3 M		4 I	5 S	6 T	7 M		8 F	9 E
10 B		11 N		12 U	13 Q	14 W	15 S		16 X	17 Y		18 T	19 D	20 C	21 U		22 G
23 F	24 A	25 C		26 L	27 Y		28 H	29 I	30 L	31 G	32 X	33 J		34 S	35 D		36 M
37 Q	38 W		39 K	40 I		41 W	42 R		43 L	44 Y	45 U		46 Y	47 F	48 X		49 R
50 D		51 B	52 O	53 Q		54 R	55 C	56 G	57 Y	58 T	59 N	60 K		61 Q		62 P	63 E
64 C	65 U	66 B	67 Q		68 X	69 B	70 F	71 Q	72 D	73 V	74 E	75 M	76 O	77 G		78 K	79 W
80 B	81 S	82 N	83 C	84 Y	85 X	86 G	87 J		88 P	89 O		90 H	91 E	92 V	93 M	94 I	
95 S	96 W	97 H	98 U		99 O		100 O	101 L	102 E	103 G	—	104 P	105 N	106 X	107 F	108 J	109 T
110 K		111 W	112 Y	113 E	114 T	115 O	116 I	117 J	118 N		119 V	120 D	121 B	122 A	123 U		124 L
	125 F	126 H	127 G	128 Q	129 S	130 K	131 T	132 Y		133 G	134 Q		135 Y	136 R	137 P		138 G
139 H	140 Y	141 D	142 C	143 J		144 B	145 T	146 Q	147 N	148 M	149 S	150 E		151 N	152 F	153 I	154 U
155 G		156 Q	157 P		158 I	159 O	160 X		161 K	162 T	163 A	164 N	165 D	166 J		167 Y	168 C
	169 D	170 P	171 F	172 B	173 O	174 S	175 M	176 N	177 Q		178 D	179 R	180 L	181 M	182 T	183 C	184 B
185 K	186 S	187 O		188 U	189 N		190 K	191 L		192 X		193 O	194 V	195 D	196 L	197 J	198 S
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Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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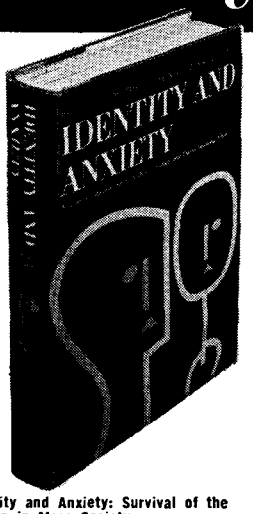

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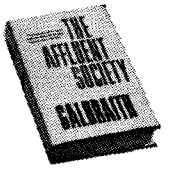

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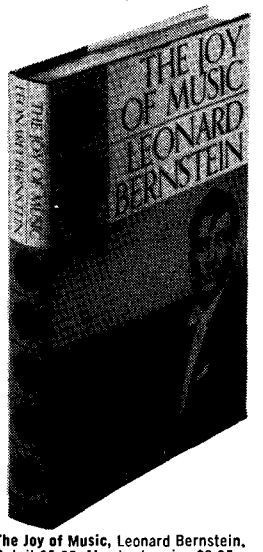

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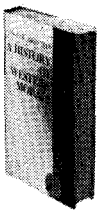

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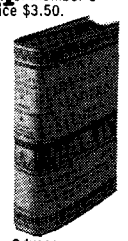

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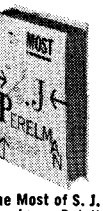

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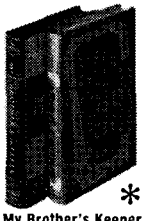

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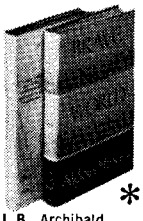

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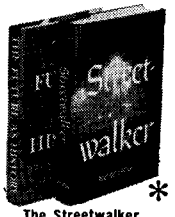

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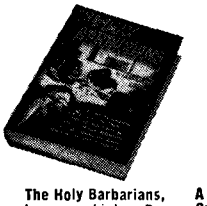

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